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Rate-Aided Music.

URING the summer months our own County Council, and other great corporations in various parts of the country, freely spend the ratepayers' money on outdoor music-music, that is, to sweeten the leisure of them that walk in parks and recreation grounds; and it may reasonably be asked why money should not be spent in providing indoor music, for those who care to listen to it, during the winter months. Indeed, when we consider the quality of the music that is played in our parks, and the quality of the playing it gets, I could not call it unreasonable if any one should say that the money were better expended on indoor than on outdoor music. There are not many compositions sufficiently broad, clear and free from elaboration of detail to stand performance in the open-air; and bandmasters are in the habit of supplementing the few good pieces that are suitable by many that, being suitable in that one respect, are eminently unsuitable in other respects. The common-place polkas and popular music-hall melodies that may be heard any summer night in, for instance, Hyde Park, appeal, surely, merely to the most uncultured section of the public. I have no objection to that section receiving consideration, only the other section, the section that pays the piper, should not be wholly forgotten. Curiously enough, it is that section which objects most to the municipalities spending money in music. Or is this, after all, not so curious? But while I can sympathize with the hard-worked clerk or shopman, with a small income and a large family, who sees the rates mounting, I can also see that a few pence in the year spent on music is not money taken out of his pocket, but money put in. I assume that no one wishes amusements altogether abolished; nay, I assume that every one, even he who feels the touch of genteel poverty most keenly, devotes some small portion of his income to amusements. And my only reason for advocating, as I do advocate, a certain amount of rate-aid for concerts, is that I believe that the poorer middle classes will get better value for their money in concerts, if they pay it in that form, than they get just now.

No one will deny that Free Public Libraries have been an immense boon, not to the "lower classes" only, but to the poorer middle class, those who have to keep up an appearance of respectability on an inadequate income. same advantages would certainly follow if concerts were given under the auspices of the municipality. The municipality, in the first place, need pay nothing for the concert-room; second, little advertisement would be needed, for the public would need no special enticing to lowpriced high-class concerts; and previous dis-cussion of the scheme—of which there would be plenty, and more than plenty—would let-every one know that the concerts were actually

to be given. Again, the municipality would farewells. As a matter of fact, Mr. Sims not, as the entrepreneur is often compelled to, stake the continuance of a series of concerts upon the success of the first; therefore, if an orchestra were decided on the players would be engaged, and more cheaply, for the whole series; and "distinguished artists" would come more willingly, and perhaps a trifle cheaper, if they knew their fees were safe, and that they might be asked to come frequently. Above all, the municipality, not wanting a profit, could perform good music, and good music only, and wait contentedly until the townsfolk learnt to like it. In this way it would be an educator of, at least, the same importance as

These are a few of the reasons why I am in favour of rate-aided music. Something may be said on the other side, but it may be safely left for the present, for I am certain that I have correspondents who can say it forcibly enough, and will not lag behind.

Au Gourant.

LTHOUGH it can hardly be said of the late Sir Charles Hallé that his place can never be filled, there seems to be considerable difficulty about the choice of a successor for the conductorship of the Manchester Orchestra. The post was tem-porarily offered to Herr Mottl, who declined it; then Richter was tried, with equal non-success. Indeed Manchester is now experiencing the same difficulty that has more than once been felt in Glasgow and in Liverpool-that is to say, eminent continental conductors have the idea of the unmusical nature of the British race so strongly knocked into their heads that no money will tempt them to settle here. The absurdity of this attitude is self-evident, particularly as at an art-centre like Weimar recent D'Albert-Stavenhagen controversy has disclosed the fact that the total pay of the post of court conductor once held by Liszt is only (300 a year. At present the Manchester conductorship is to be placed in commission, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Villiers Stanford, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Sir Joseph Barnby, Mr. Cowen and Mr. Randegger being the men chosen so far. Sir Charles's successor as Principal of the Manchester R.C.M. is M. Brodsky, the Russian violinist. More power to the foreigner!

A LEIPSIC musical journal indulges in a little harmless chaff about "the oldest tenor in the world," Mr. "Lims Reeves (sic) of London." For about twenty years, says the writer, this veteran has been announcing his last, his very last, positively his last appearance on the concert platform; and now, having got a young wife, he is again at the "farewell" business.

The Leipsic writer does not understand the lengths to which we can go in the matter of

Reeves, like Patti, is still entitled to a large variety of farewells. The absolutely last farewell will be a step in the direction of the decidedly last farewell, which again will be followed by an imperatively last farewell, the whole series ending up with a positively final, absolute, imperative and unavoidably last farewell when the veteran's voice takes its farewell. It is all a question of wording the announcement. So that the "farewell" have a different qualifying adjective every time, an artist may go on-like the poet's brook or Patti's "Home, sweet home"—for ever.

IT has always been the same in England. As an American writer pointed out recently, when Mario's own beloved Italy would stuff its ears against the tenor note which once upon a time might "soothe the souls in Purgatory," London, for the sake of auld lang syne, went wild over the poor feeble echo, as it had done in the days of his zenith. "I heard Mario during his last appearances there," remarked Victor Maurel last season. "London went wild. Mon Dieu! but his squeak was droll." Then again Albani retains her hold on England without any lasting art reason; Santley and others are indulged in like fashion; and of course Patti will be a lifelong fixture, if indications go for anything. In France and Germany they show a consistent regard for artists just so long as they remain capable of doing their work. Our fidelity will by-and-by become a byword and a reproach.

WHAT a pleasure it is to learn from Jules Martin's " Nos Artistes," just published in Paris, that the De Reszké brothers are steadily growing younger. Grove's Dictionary flatters them by saying that Jean was born in 1852 and Edouard in 1855, and Riemann's Musik Lexikon is polite enough to echo the statement. But Martin assures us that Jean was born in 1855 and Edouard in 1856. As they grow younger they approach each other. Now they are separated as to age only by a year. In 1896 they will probably be twins; in 1897 Edouard will be the older by a twelvemonth. Ponce de Leon should have waited and sought his foun-dation of eternal youth on the stage; the property man could have guided him to it, the spring that is dearer to tenors than wine of rance or Spain or any Rhine hill.

FORTUNE seems to smile everywhere and at all times on Sir Arthur Sullivan. At Bradford recently the permanent orchestra there not only performed a programme drawn entirely from his works, but made him a presentation of silver plate into the bargain. Whatever may be said about Sir Arthur as a conductor he has certainly the art of making himself agreeable to his orchestra. At Leeds, for example, he considers that his players have the first claim on him; and instead of going off with the grandees when the Festival is over, he goes to the station to say

good-bye to the band. One of his instrumentalists says: "He shakes hands and chats in his usual amiable manner with all and sundry, for no face is forgotten by him. As the train steams out of the station, when one looks out of the window, Sir Arthur, with bared head, is visible so long as the spot on which he stands can be seen from the train." No wonder, then, that Sir Arthur is popular, to the extent of being called "the idol of the orchestra."

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SIR ARTHUR has also been making himself agreeable to the Yorkshire people by a splendid tribute paid to the Leeds Festival Chorus. Writing to Alderman Spark, of Leeds, after the Festival, he refers to "my splendid Yorkshire chorus, for whom I have a real personal affection. How keen, enthusiastic and devoted they are! And what endurance and resolute determination to overcome all technical difficulties they display!" Sir Arthur, however, is not quite pleased with the way in which the Festival "Chorus, orchestra, principals and conductor," he says, "all the elements which make the music of the undertaking-after being in close personal communication, and working with one heart and soul for days together, separate without the chance of exchanging congratulations or condolences (as the case may require), or of discussing and explaining errors and other incidents." Perhaps the difficulty might be met by having some kind of social gathering at the close of the festival, at which the whole events of the week could be discussed in a friendly manner. Something of this sort is at any rate what Sir Arthur would seem to

AFTER many rumours, and contradictions of rumours, it appears now to be pretty certain that an opera house will really be built on the vacant site of Her Majesty's. It seems that the main obstacle in the way has been a Pall Mall wine merchant, whose lease has several years to run: but it is understood that the Syndicate have overcome this difficulty, and that the work of building the new house will be begun as quickly as possible. The architect will be Mr. Walter Emden. The price paid for the site is about £150,000.

THE controversy on the musical pitch question goes on merrily, and with apparently as little chance of permanent result as on the last occasion when the matter engaged the attention of musicians. Mr. Cuthbert Hadden has an article on the subject in the November Nineteenth Century, in the course of which the difficulties of the proposed change are fully discussed. Upon one point there seems to be general agreement, namely, that while brass instruments could be altered to the new pitch without much difficulty or expense, the woodwind of the orchestra-the clarinets, oboes, and bassoons-could not be altered at all. Mr. Spencer Curwen, it is true, still holds out, on the authority of some doubtful Belgian experience, in favour of the possibility of altering the wood instruments, but he is not supported by any of the instrument makers themselves, who are the real authorities in the matter. there can be no doubt that the adoption of the lower pitch is expedient; and although the difficulty and expense involved may be great, it ought to be faced. What has not proved insuperable in France and elsewhere cannot prove insuperable in England.

Miss Cissy Loftus has, according to her paradise. The latest ladure in this circumstance own confession, been interviewed so many is Madame Jack to the of Alfred Jack, times that she has lost count of the number. who, some thing carriers had a considerable

That is a wonderful achievement for a girl of nineteen, but not perhaps so wonderful as her salary of £200 a week at Edinburgh—"without hindrance to other occupation"—considering that she began her career only a couple of years ago on a salary of £5 a week. Cissy says she is exceedingly fond of music, and can play the organ, piano, banjo, and violin. In America she sang some songs of her own composition; and she has already published a dainty booklet containing what she calls her "First Verses." Next year she will make her début as a novelist, having recently been commissioned to write a story of music-hall life in its poorer aspects. No doubt Cissy's husband, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, will collaborate.

MR. J. S. SHEDLOCK, who likes to get hold of odd subjects, contributes to a contemporary an interesting article on Music and Chess, from which we learn that many notable musicians have been eminent chess-players. The game has always been a favourite with orchestral players, especially in theatre bands, where long waits" have to be filled up. The names of two viola players might be given who had innumerable games one season at Covent Garden during the Promenade Concerts. They had a travelling chess-board, which they placed on their music-desk and used during the "turns' of the singers and pianists. There is of course a danger of the game proving so engrossing as to cause the musicians to lose their cue. Two players who were noted for the persistency with which they played the game during the "waits," used occasionally to cut it very fine The musical director, a very genial man, exhorted them to forego a move or two, as he felt sure that one night they would "miss it." A month or two afterwards they did "miss it," and ran up the steps, knocking over a fiddle or two and sundry chairs on their way to their eats, where they arrived just in time to play the last note of the curtain music. The musical director, looking at them more in sorrow than in anger, said, "I told you so," to which the bolder of the two replied, "Well, I'd only two more moves to mate.'

PIANOS for paupers! That is the latest innovation which comes to vex the soul of the poor taxpayer. The Lambeth Guardians are the innovators, and the instrument is to be hired for the season at a cost of fifteen shillings a month. Some of the Guardians proposed to purchase the piano outright, but the majority were content with a hire. Primarily, the instrument is to be used at entertainments given in the Prince's Road Institution for the benefit of the ladies who reside there at the expense of the ratepayers, but the use of it may be extended; and although a large number of the inmates conscientiously object to any useful work, they may be quite willing to fill up their time by learning the piano after dinner. It is evident that there is a great future in store for that instrument, if the hire lasts. And it must be very consoling to the many householders who have never been able to get beyond a concertina, to know that they are now in th proud position of being part-proprietors of the Lambeth parochial piano.

WE are continually hearing of some new mechanical contrivance which is to do away with the necessity of piano practice, and thus afford the next-door neighbour a chance of paradise. The latest faddist in this direction

THE CASE OF

based on the close observation of her pupils and on a long series of experiments on the sensations of hearing and touching, carried out with apparatus of her own designing. Madame Jaell, the announcement continues, gives an account of a mechanical contrivance she has invented, the use of which will do away with the necessity for the endless practising of scales and exercises. The contrivance is noiseless. If it does all that is claimed for it, the pianostricken of all lands will have cause for rejoicing. But,-well, we know about the delusions of some such things already.

A STATUE of Ole Bull, the famous Norwegian violinist, is to be erected at Bergen, his native town. The statue is to cost some £3,000, a large portion of which sum, curiously enough, has been subscribed in the United States. Bull's son, it seems, is a violinist too. He means to visit the States this season, and will give several concerts, playing upon his father's famous Gaspar da Salo violin. Ole Bull was a great favourite in America, and there are some interesting reminiscences of his early appearances there in the veteran Henry Russell's autobiography, recently published. Bull and Russell foregathered at New Orleans. Russell one evening took a friend, a cotton planter, to hear the player. Bull's first piece was that pyrotechnic affair, "The Carnival of Venice," and when he was nearly through Russell turned to his friend and said: "There! isn't he wonderful?" "Wall," said the planter, "he may be all that, but he's a d-d long time tuning. Tell me when he is going to play." Of course that is a story which has been dished up several times with new names, but Russell vouches for its truth in this case.

THIS is emphatically the age of Womanwith a capital letter. The sex is pushing its way into every department of life and work which has hitherto been regarded as the exclusive property of the male; and where it will all end not even the new woman herself can foretell. But, at any rate, matters in England have not come to such a pass as they have in a certain American city and in the States generally. There a brass band composed entirely of women has been organized, and it is said that the movement is spreading. The Musical Standard is cruel enough to remark that none but the very ugly women can have joined it.

DR. HENRY HILES, of Manchester, has been giving utterance to some very sensible remarks upon the future of music teaching and teachers, and particularly in regard to the now exploded idea of registration. Dr. Hiles takes up the position that we never ought to have, as we never will have, a registration imposing any disabilities upon teachers. He says it is impossible. The registration faddists proposed that no unregistered teacher should be able to recover his fees in a court of justice. "What an absurdity!" exclaims Dr. Hiles. "If I want my children to study any subject, I will send them to what teacher I please, in spite of any Act of Parliament; and if there should be any doubt about his fees I will simply do as I would be done by, and pay his charges in advance." Dr. Hiles has assuredly the courage of his convictions, but, after all, he is only taking a common-sense view of a very simp One Corp per Month to de Spel and

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THE prices of "Strads" continue to rise. A cello by the famous maker has just been acquired by Herr R. von Mendelssohn, a member of the well-known Berlin banking house, for the sum of £2,000. This instrument had been bought originally about 1870 by the late 'cellist Krumbholz, of Stuttgart, who gave only £350 for it. On his death, a Frankfort art deal acquired it for the same sum. Later on, Mr. C. G. Meier, of London, bought the instrument and sold it again to Councillor Ladenberg, of Frankfort, for £500. It was from Ladenberg that the Berlin banker purchased it, so that the former has made the nice little sum of £1,500 off the instrument. This is another proof of the almost incredible demand for the instruments of the old masters, especially those of Stradivarius. Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, is another recent purchaser of a Strad, and it is understood that his price was £1,000.

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THAT veteran journalist, Mr. W. Beatty-Kingston, has some interesting references to Mendelssohn in his recently-published "Men, Cities, and Events." The composer heard him play when he was a child, and then he gave him this bit of advice: "If you want to make music a source of life-happiness, be careful to exercise yourself constantly in playing a prima You should make a point of reading something at sight every day; there is plenty of printed music, old and new. To acquire perfect execution, a great repertoire would be of the first importance, if you were intended to earn your bread by playing in public; but I hear that is not so, and therefore I advise you to cultivate sight-reading, from which you will derive an enjoyment, only to be exceeded by the pleasure of listening to faultless performances of fine musical works." Mr. Beatty-Kingston has two charming daughters, one of whom is the Baroness von Zedlitz, who has taken to the interviewing of musical celebrities.

REPORTS of the destitution of Crouch, the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," seem to come with as much regularity as the sea-serpent and the big gooseberry. There is no doubt that the old man-he is now eighty-six-has long been in deep distress, and something ought surely to be done for him by the music firms who have made fortunes out of his famous song. The copyright was sold some years ago, after many editions had been published, for £2,500, and many a concern has got rich from its sales. Thirty-three houses in America alone have published it. Out of all the vast amount which the song has brought, the poor old composer has never received a shilling, and if we remember rightly he only got £5 for the copyright at Crouch gave up a position in London to establish Italian opera in America with Max Maratzek in 1849. This appears to have been a failure, and since then the composer has faced fortune in many ways and in many places.

REGRET will be felt in many circles at the death of Lieutenant Griffiths, Director of the Military School of Music at Knellar Hall. He was himself a student of the school, and had been bandmaster of the Royal Scots and of the Military College at Sandhurst. He had served at Kneller Hall since 1890. Lieutenant Griffiths was enthusiastic about the study and advancement of music for wind bands. He wrote an admirable treatise on "The Military Band," with a description of the instruments employed and instructions as to scoring; and he also the author of a valuable little work entitled, "Hints on the Management of Army Bands."

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Musical bife in bondon.

THERE is very little Musical Life in London, though there are a good many concerts. The cheap opera season is just over; Richter has just gone back to his beloved Vienna, there to grow fatter; the Pops, Henschel, Mottl and Crystal Palace concerts, Queen's Hall Choir and the Royal Choral Society, British Chamber Music concerts, and a score of smaller concerns-all these are with us and in full swing. But the less one says of musical life the better. London has no musical life; there is no locality, no house, where musical life goes on as it goes on everywhere in Germany. We are content, the very best of us, to regard music simply as an amusement; we are leagues from feeling it a life to be lived. No one works at it as he works at engineering, or architecture, or scavenging. Hence, while we produce great engineers, middling architects, and undoubtedly very good scavengers, we produce only the poorest of musicians. However, this is a mournful reflection, and not to the point.

MOTTL CONCERTS.

The first of these came off on November 12, in Queen's Hall, of course, the only hall in London that an artist with a grain of sense would choose to play in. It was certainly the most magnificent Mr. Schulz-Curtius has so far arranged, and showed pretty plainly that great as Richter is, as a Wagner conductor Mottl is far greater. But only as a Wagner conductor. When he handles Beethoven or Schubert he is a bad second to Richter. On this occasion he gave us the unfinished Symphony, and made a very poor show through sheer force of fine playing. Schubert's simple and pathetic music will not stand high-diddle-diddle treatment. Mottl overloaded phrase after phrase and broke the poor thing's back. That was a pity, for surely more pathetic music was never written. Richter plays it well, sometimes Mr. Henschel plays it well; Mottl will always play it, and all such music, badly. This, however, was the sole shortcoming in the concert, with the exception of a very stupid piece, an intermezzo from an opera called Donna Diana, by one Reznicek. Why Mottl should wish to put such stuff into his programmes I cannot imagine, nor why Mr. Schulz-Curtius should allow it, however much he may wish. But it is the defect of his quality, and I suppose we shall have to put up with these tenth-rate German music-asters (if I may coin a word) as long as the Mottl concerts flourish. But I wish Mottl could be made to understand how we laugh at them. This particular piece is meant to be lightly comic, but it might well be the prelude to a Surrey Theatre melo-drama. The concert opened with a finely Wagnerish rendering of the *Oberon* overture. It is a curious proof of the wide gulf between Weber and Schubert, both supposed to belong to the romantic school, that the treatment which so helps the one plays the dickens with the other. The fact is, of course, that Mottl Wagnerizes everything, and as Weber's music has a certain resemblance to Wagner's, it does not suffer, while Schubert's simple vocal strains do not stand the brilliant colouring. The most inspiriting part of the programme was its tail. The finale (if one can call the big scene between Wotan and Brünnhilde a finale) of the Walkire came last; just
before that we had the Walkirenritt; and
preceding that the Faust overture. This last

has been heard so seldom lately that I daresay a good many people may have forgotten that it was ever done before. But I remember hearing it several times in the old days, when the Wagner craze, as apart from a reasonable Wagner appreciation, was at its height, and the English Wagner Society was in its glory, and had funds, and used to spend them (better than they are expended now) in keeping the Richter concerts going. If the Wagner Society had anything to do with its repeated appearance in those days, that should be counted unto it for righteousness, for although it is one of Wagner's most splendid works, it lacks the woman, as Liszt said, and is not popular enough to be done often now. When Liszt said it lacked the woman he simply meant (though I don't know that he knew what he meant) that it lacked sensuous beauty. It does. It is purely expressive; beauty is subordinated to the expression of an overwhelming emotion. Of course, beauty, in any large proportion, being absent, one is justified in saying that it is not a complete work of art; but work of art or no work of art, it has a certain measure of beauty, and utters most poignantly a sincerely-felt emotion.

Mottl played it with expressiveness and huge
dignity. The Walkürenritt was the most
astonishing performance of a Wagner piece I have ever listened to. He took it much slower than Richter or Manns, and the gain was enormous. The hubbub of the storm was clearly heard, and as the instruments had plenty of time to speak, nothing was lost in point of noise. In fact, much was gained; the crashes were overpowering, and the force of them lent the rhythmical movement weight that a great deal more than made up for the lack of the excitement that comes from pace. Finally, it would be impossible to exaggerate the splendour of the orchestral playing of the accompani-ments to the last half of the last act of Die Walkure. Sometimes one expected the band to burst on the floor, so terrific was the force of tone Mottl drew from them; it seemed impossible that the volume of sound should go on increasing any longer. On the other hand not a pianissimo was missed, and these terrific crescendos made the greater effect because the main river of tone was so very moderate, even subdued. That mysteriously lovely Erda theme, sliding down its chromatic scale, was given with marvellous tenderness, as it should be, as one sees when one remembers the double part Erda plays in Wagner's thought. She is not only the mother of wisdom, but our last resting place: "dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return." Hence Wagner uses it nearly always to get an enormous emotional effect, as, for instance, when Brünnhilde is put into her long sleep, and becomes as the earth on which she lies. Quite as wonderfully given was the lullaby theme, seeming to hold Brünnhilde within the arms of sleep, gently but irresistibly. Surely there is nothing in music finer than the ending of the Fire-music, where Brünnhilde lies there, and the roar of flames is converted by the sleep-melody blending with it into an unheard-of slumber-song. After so much magnificence one might have thought Mottl had done his best. But he had kept something for the finish. Every one will remember how at the end of the Fire-music, amidst the lulling slumber-melody, the Siegfried (" as hero") theme enters, as Wotan announces that only the highest hero in the world shall break through the fire-ring around Brünnhilde. It is usually played in fairly correct time, and subordinated to the sleep and fire idea. But Mottl knew better. He gradually pulled up the orchestra to about half their previous pace, thus giving the trombones time to get the last

fraction of tone-power out of their instruments, and by making them accent their highest note (the upper C), he presented the theme to us as a colossal, stupendous thing, a thing that overwhelmed us with the massive strength of it. Then the pace was resumed and the sleep music went on as before, or even with effect added by the interruption. There were scores of points, great, though not so great as this; and if I mentioned half of them, I would need the whole magazine. So I will come at once to a conclusion by saying that Miss Brema declaimed finely, but with some little harshness of tone, and that-possibly owing to Mr. Schulz-Curtius's floral decorations - Mr. Plunket Greene, after singing with dramatic feeling for some time, suddenly lost his voice altogether, and was seen rather than heard for the rest of the evening. The last concert of the present series occurs too late for mention in this issue.

RICHTER CONCERTS.

So far as I remember, I did not mention these concerts in last number. Anyhow, it is now too late to discuss the first, and I will begin by stating, with regret, but firmly, that the second was atrociously dull. It included a series of soporific symphonic poems by Smetana, a composer I cannot endure. I admit his imagination, his abundance, as it were, of raw material; but after all, a provision store is not, in the strict sense of the word, a restaurant. It is no use pointing to flour, and uncooked beef, and vegetables fresh from mother earth, and saying, "Fall to; here is enough; eat and be filled!" I have not a cooking-range in my own inside. I want the things cooked. So with Smetana's stuff-he gives me the raw material and expects me to cook it; whereas I say the artist ought to be the cook, that there is plenty of raw material all around us, without our going to a Richter concert for it. Besides, some of Smetana's raw material is not altogether edifying. Here, for instance, is one of his programmes: "Sárka, the leader of the Amazons of Bohemia, having been crossed in love, vows vengeance against the whole race of men, with whom the Amazons accordingly wage war for life or death. The knight, Ctirad, with all his cavaliers, goes out to meet them. From far and near the march of his joyous companions is heard. Suddenly there resounds a heartbreaking cry of lamentation. Attracted thereby, Ctirad discovers in a clearing in the forest a maiden bound to a tree. It is Sárka, who maintains that she has been thus treated by her bloodthirsty companions. Ctirad, dazzled by her appearance, cannot turn his gaze away from her. Regarding the beauteous woman with ever-increasing desire, he at last, following the dictates of his feelings, releases Sárka from her bonds. The whole troop of knights encamp themselves on an open spot, and give them-selves up to revelry. In the full enjoyment of songs and wine, the warriors, forgetful of danger, while away the time till late in the night. Only when they have become thoroughly weary does their mad revelry come to an end. One by one they fall into deep sleep. When the last has fallen asleep, Sarka gives a signal with her horn; her companions, responding from the wood, hasten in from all sides, fall upon the knights, and butcher them all. Thus the Amazons' thirst for vengeance is assuaged." And he gives you the shoring of the knights, the cries of the wounded, the wreaking of vengeance, and all; and when it is finished, what have you heard, what experience have you been put through, what beautiful vision have you seen? Why, none whatever : you have merely seen the raw material of a poem not worth the writing. For Smetana had no gift for express-

ing images of external things in music, so that all the clamour of his instruments counts for nothing. Less endurable still was Goldmark's Sakuntala overture, which is the very incarna-tion of pretentious silliness. Of course, Richter plays these things finely, and one can always settle down and derive a certain dogged enjoyment from the mere phrasing and tone-blendings. But the time would surely be better spent in getting that enjoyment, without doggedness, from masterpieces. I cannot see why either Richter or Mottl should foist these fiftieth-rate continental nuisances upon us. Have we not our own composers of mediocrity, have we not Smith, and Brown, and Jones, not to mention Robinson and Clark? The rest of this programme was, as I have intimated, mere boredom. Of course, the prelude and deathsong from Tristan were worth listening to; but without the voice they are becoming a little tiresome in Richter's hands, for Richter, unlike Mottl, is not a great Wagner player, or, at least, not a player who can make everything strong and beautiful. I did not stay for Liszt's first Hungarian Rhapsody, nor Schumann's Symphony in B flat; I was already nearly done to death through sheer ennui, and had no mind to tempt fate further.

Much livelier was the last of the short series. We had a charmingly even and delicate rendering of the Symphony in F (there is, of course, only one Symphony in F: Beethoven's other in that key is the Pastoral); for here we had Richter on his own ground. Mottl beats him in Wagner; but he beats Mottl in Beethoven,-beats him clean out of the field. Berlioz' tiresome overture, King Lear, came next, and had nearly sent me to sleep, when the overture to Tannhäuser commenced. It went straight on into the Bacchanal music, to which only middling justice was done. Lloyd tootled his way through the music of Siegmund, and Madame Medora Henson, a tenth-rate singer, I am afraid, responded to him, and finally we found we had been listening to the love-duet from Die Walkure. But the playing of the accompaniments was, in its way, fine, only its way was a bit stiff and mechanical. The concert ended with the Walkürenritt, very differently given to Mottl's version, but admirable for all that.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

I have not much to report from here. The truth is, I skipped two or three Saturdays, for the programmes have been less stimulating than their wont was. However I got down on November 9, to hear the late Goring Thomas's Swan and Skylark. This work, it may be remembered, was found amongst Mr. Thomas's papers after his death, and Dr. Villiers Stanford undertook to score it. "The words of the Cantata," says the amiable all-approving programmist, "are exactly suited to Mr. Thomas's genius," which seems a little hard on Mr. Thomas's genius, for the words are for the most part a kind of stuff that can only be unconventionially described as blithering idiocy. A swan is dying, and, according to the little fable which has proved so convenient in allowing musical critics to make asses of themselves, it sings as it dies. While it sings, a skylark passes above it, also singing, and Mrs. Hemans has drawn some well-tried and widely accepted morals from the duet, as, for instance, thou art mighty, thou art wonderful, mysterious Nature!" which most people will be ready to believe, without the illustration of skylark and swan. The music is a poor imitation of Gounod, who was a dangerous master to imitate. It is mostly in compound triple times, and it proves and as he is himself a first-rate player, and has impossible for the best-intentioned to distinguish practised assiduously with his men, surprising

between one song and another song, one chorus and another chorus. It is full of choice absurdities, owing to unhappy repetitions of words; and it is covered thickly with sham sentiment. Dr. Stanford's scoring is much too serious and heavy. Such music should sparkle like champagne : deliberate German instrumentation does not suit it. Mr. Edward Lloyd was the dying swan, Miss Jessie Scott the skylark, and Mr. Andrew Black a Grecian poet born too late. Mr. Manns, of course, conducted.

THE POPS.

On the opening night, Mr. Leonard Borwick gave a nervous version of Chopin's B flat minor sonata, and Mr. Von Dulong odiously misinterpreted some songs by Brahms and Schubert. But Schumann's quartet in A major (op. 41) was neatly, if not superbly, played by Mdlle. Wietrowetz and Messrs. Ries, Gibson and Whitehouse.

The concert on Monday November 11, commenced with Mozart's Quartet in C, No. 6 of the set dedicated to Haydh, a work that simply exasperated the critics of the time owing to the curious discords with which it opens. It was finely played by Mdlle. Wietrowetz and Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Paul Ludwig; and Miss Fanny Davies gave an ideal rendering of Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor, op. 11, a work not frequently heard and not altogether satisfactory as to form, but full of beautiful ideas. Mdlle Wietrowetz played some of Brahms's Hungarian Dances for violin, in which she recalled the methods of Herr Joachim; and the concert ended with Beethoven's Pianoforte Trio in E flat, op. 70,

The programme of Saturday's Concert, November 16, included Mendelssohn's beautiful Quartet in E minor, op. 44, No. 2; Brahms's concise Pianoforte Trio in C minor, op. 101; piano pieces by Chopin, played with the utmost refinement by Miss Agnes Zimmermann; and three of Brahms's Hungarian Dances, brilliantly executed by Mdlle. Wietrowetz.

On Monday, November 18, Rosenthal made his first appearance at these concerts, and played a portion of Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Paganini with a measure of ease that seemed almost incredible, considering the difficulty of the finger work. The balance of tone in Beethoven's Pianoforte Trio in B flat, op. 97, was not satisfactory, for although M. Johannes Wolff and Mr. Paul Ludwig were commendable, the powerful pianoforte rendered their efforts to a certain degree nugatory in some passages.

MR. GOMPERTZ'S QUARTET CONCERTS.

If you want to hear chamber music played as it should be-i.e. in the chamber-you must go to Mr. Gompertz, for at no other concerts I know of can you hear the thing done so well. The concerts are held in the small Queen's Hall, and I trust Mr. Gompertz will not be deluded by his success into taking a larger room, for the secret of his success (beyond fine playing), is that the room is not too large for the character of the music. Beethoven, I imagine, never dreamt of his quartets being played to thousands of people in St. James's Hall, nor did Schubert nor Schumann: they wrote for the chamber, designed their music so that it should sound well in the chamber, and the consequence is that, as writing for the chamber and for the concert hall are two different things, very little of their music sounds well out of the chamber. Mr. Gompertz has with him Mr. Haydn Inwards, Mr. Emil Kreuz and Mr. Charles Ould-all first-rate players; and as he is himself a first-rate player, and has

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results are got. I have never heard the Beethoven posthumous Quartet in E flat so perfectly given as on November 6, and the concert of November 13 was quite as good, the little I heard of it. But I had to be else-

THE QUEEN'S HALL CHOIR ;

for Mr. Newman has now put his choir upon a sound footing, and obtained the services of a conductor who, if he is not particularly splendid (and I may mention that his name is Randegger, Mr. Alberto of that ilk), can at least train th voices under him, and get the band to do what he wants. On this evening, when they made their debût, the programme included Athalie, the Choral Fantasia, and The Walpurgis Night. The last is undoubtedly Mendelssohn's greatest achievement; it is far richer, livelier, more imaginative stuff than those stodgy oratorios of his, so dear to the hearts of the English bourgeoisie. It is, of course, amazingly difficult, and I have never listened to the two choruses, "Disperse, disperse," and "Come with torches," with such immense pleasure before; for they were, to begin with, accurately sung-there was scarcely a point missed thoroughout the workand, moreover, sung with a spirit and energy that fairly carried you away. The first of the two was also surprisingly delicate and dainty: no other choir in London could hope to do anything like it. The solos were sung by Miss Marian Mackenzie, who did her little well, Mr. Iver McKay, who has one of those quaint tootly good-natured voices, and Mr. Ludwig, who has no voice at all, and, if he had, would probably be quite unable to use it. As for Athalie, it was interesting to hear the music to it, but I cannot for the life of me see why the recitation should be dragged in. Hand the printed "poem" to the audience, give them so many seconds to read it, and then go ahead with the next number: that is my cure for the reciter, who, as Bülow said of the tenor, is a disease. By this I intend no personal reflection upon Mr. Richard Temple, who is infinitely more tolerable than the ass who goes about grinding out the words to Mr. Joseph Bennett's lucubration, The Dream of Jubal; but it is absurd for any man to have to stand up and solemnly emphasize unimportant prepositions and conjunctions in the well-known elocutionary style. What audience, save one from Brixton, could resist laughing when they hear that-

Then came a lovely boy, whose heavenly glance Soothed her; he smiled, and stabbed her. 'Tw

The balderdash, I may say, was written by Mr. Joseph Bennett's predecessor, Mr. Bartholomew. The choral numbers were given with all due force, and nothing could be complained of so far as the soloists were concerned. Beethoven's lovely Fantasia perhaps was a little unjustly treated in the instrumental portions; but again there was nothing whatever to complain of in the choruses. The choir undoubtedly made a capital start; and if only the same level is sustained, it may be expected to take its place quickly as the first choral society in London.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Mr. Henschel started away with these on ovember 7. There was nothing peculiarly November 7. There was nothing pecuniary interesting in the programme, excepting Beethoven's B flat piano concerto, played, if I remember aright, by Miss Fanny Davies. This year, it appears, is something after Beethoven's birth or death, or something which I don't know about, and hence Mr. Henschel is going to give us a good deal of him. I wish I could be made to understand what the something is. Beethoven was born in 1770-wasn't he?the year can hardly be kept as the centenary of

his birth, and though an imbecile fresh from the Royal College might think it worth while keeping holy the centenary and a quarter, that ems too foolish to be seriously considered. He died in 1827, so it cannot be anything the year after his death, for fifty is never kept icred, not even in Japan, where (I am told) all their jubilees and sacred numbers are odd. So I give the thing up as a puzzle, and go on to say, that I wish there was no reason, good or bad, for Mr. Henschel's keeping Beethoven's memory green, for his Beethoven playing is such that we may well wish him forgotten. However, it can only be for a year, and I have clenched my teeth, determined to sit the year out. Besides Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner were represented in the programme of the first concert, the former by the Academic overture happy title !- the other by the Siegfried Idyll. This last got itself played with unusual softness for Mr. Henschel, but it was fumbled throughout, and one longed for the clearness and distinctness combined with a level pianissimo that the masters of a bâton alone can give us.

OPERA AND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS.

The end of the cheap season is such a way back that I cannot for the life of me remember all that happened. But in the main, I regret to say, it justified my suspicions. That is to say, many of the characteristics of cheap seasons were present in full strength. Scenes were bungled, incompetent singers were sent on to do difficult parts, the voice of the prompter was heard in the land, the orchestra developed a habit of going to pieces at critical moments. But I do not wish to give an impression that the season was worse than many a dear season, only it was worse than we will tolerate nowadays whether the season is cheap or dear; and it was worse for want of attention to trifling essentials. That is inexcusable. If Wagner marks a passage forte, I can accept no excuse for its being played mezzo-forte; if he marks it piano, I can accept no excuse for its being played forte. And if the impressario won't try to make some improvement, then I'll do my level best to prevent him ever wanting to give an opera season again. There was a time when this policy was not a wise one; when the only wise policy was to accept what we could get and be thankful, and not too particular about perfection of detail. But now the managers must play Wagner, whether they want to or not, and there is no longer any reason to be afraid of frightening them off. The only plan is to compel them by every mean's in one's power to play well. So, there-fore, I condemn Mr. Hedmondt for not attending to such trifles as getting a competent conductor instead of Mr. Feld, as making the sailors in the Flying Dutchman pull away at the ropes, instead of singing their "Yo, ho, ho!" as a sort of ballad for the captain's amusement; and a score of similar things, larger or smaller. These things made it impossible to follow any opera through with complete pleasure, for something was always occurring to break the spell. Then, again, some of the lady singers (I won't give names) were too preposterously fat to be endured on the stage. This, to be sure, was a defect in the summer season, and will probably be a defect next season; and if so, I'll make a humble endeavour to make those ladies ridiculous in print as they are to the eyes of the audience. I am glad to hear the season has been successful financially; and if Mr. Hedmondt tries again next year, I suggest that all he need do to gain the support of the whole Press is to rid himself of the stupidities I have mentioned.

Now that I come to think, I have attended few minor concerts, for (as my readers may

realize) I have been busy attending major ones. I have been to one or two Rosenthal recitals, but defer my criticism until I've heard him several times more. I also went to the recital which a certain unnamable gentleman proposed to give, but as he was unable to play, and the affair was put off, I did not trouble to go again, more especially as the agent refused my reasonable request for a written guarantee that his client would be able to play.

"Dido and offineas" at the Royal Gollege.

R rather, the Royal College with Dido and Aneas at the Lyceum Theatre, the Royal College and all its friends For the theatre was packed from floor to ceiling, and there were several bishops and Sir George Grove present. After all, the performance was not very surprising. Of course some of the Royal College students can sing, but all of them have much as yet to learn of the art of acting, which, it would seem, they do not even realize is an art. They all came down to the footlights on every possible occasion, a thing they have of course seen Italian and bad English operatic singers do, but which they should have been taught it is very bad indeed to do. Perhaps the best singer was Miss Helen Jackson, whose upper notes have a tender, round quality that makes her attractive; while Miss Nichools (who played the more difficult part of Dido) totally lacks allurement of any sort, her voice being edged with an unpleasantly hard haskiness, if an apparently mixed metaphor may be permitted. The most difficult part of all, Æneas, was sung by Miss Ena Bedford with plenty of force and dramatic feeling, but with as little sensuous charm as Miss Jackson, who took Belinda. The choral singing was middling only, and no wonder, for Dr. Stanford's conducting was bad as bad could be, and I should not have been astonished if there had been a complete breakdown at one moment. The scenery was well managed, and in one or two places the scenic effects were not uncomely, though the colours always reminded one of Liberty fabrics. Still, better that than the old thing we had to tolerate before Liberty, who after all is merely the outcome, and sometimes the echo, of William Morsis and Burne Jones. The dancing was supremely ugly, for every one of the dancers had apparently been taught to dance like a marionette, and with absolutely no grace of motion. Of Mr. Charles Wood's additional accompaniments I have no patience to speak. For once I agree with Mr. Joseph Bennett. They ought never to have been written, and the crime of writing them at all could only be condoned by writing them very differently. As it is, the horns are used in the most modern manner possible, and the drum produces effects which no man of artistic tastes and a sensitive ear can endure. Mr. Wood should certainly be stoned. But when the secretary of the Purcell Society agrees to the Philharmonic Society performing one of Purcell's most delicate pieces of chamber music with a full orchestra and two grand pianos, what can be expected of a poor dull Academic?

The Musical Standard declares that a very em English pianist was threatened with a summons by a suburban branch of the Y.W.C.A. for having practised for a recital on a Sunday. What a pity the fools did not go on with the case!

Miss Annie Burghes.

OW quiet you are down here," I said, as I found myself ensconced one raw winter afternoon in Miss Burghes's comfortable "den," of which her piano is the centre.

"Ah! but I would pre'er to be nearer the centre of things."

"And then you would not be able to practise at all, and you would look worn and harassed-like the rest of the town world. Down here, Brixton, Balham, or wherever it may be, you can shut yourself up and lead a sort of happy cushioned existence like the Golden-locks of the nursery rhyme. Indeed, I am not sure that cream and strawberries, especially cream, are not your private and particular fancy."

"Do I look in such rude health? I know I am a great tea-drinker."

"Ah, you exaggerate. Health is a gift impartially bestowed, only 'rude' when worn badly. Did you find it in your native country?"

"Yes and no. The fact is, I over-practised at one time, just after leaving the Royal Academy, and my people sent me off to South Africa with some friends who were going to stay there."

"And was it interesting?"

"Unexciting, but placid, delightfully placid the existence there. We led a simple, unconventional life, made up of work and play."

"What sort of place is South Africa, where you stayed?"

"I knew it quite as a small, straggling colony. And the people there, how quaint! There is not much class distinction in those parts. By degrees one left off opening one's eyes when the shabbiest man in the place buying groceries at the local store was casually pointed out as one of the great local dignitaries."

"And how fared your music out there?"

"It gained in every way. I had offers of professional engagements from several people, including one to play at the local promenade concerts, but I refused them all, because I had made up my mind to work, and not hurry or worry myself about a public appearance. practised regularly, and have felt the benefit of that ever since. My sitting-room opened into a verandah hung with vines. It was delicious to sit at the piano and gaze out through the clusters of purple fruit and warm leaves to the sea beyond, while the vessels passed and repassed. You see, we were just at the spot where the Knynsa River flows into the sea, a very dangerous spot for vessels. It is as if there had been a great wide crack in the rock, and the water rushes round steep cliffs. The pilots are always on the look-out. But otherwise the river, which is tidal, is navigable. We used to have many an expedition up-stream. It was so funny to see the oysters at low tide. And then imagine streets in which arum lilies grow wild!"

"You have sketched a student's paradise."

"But it came to an end at last, and after three years of it I returned home full of vigour and spirits to work again, this time under Mr. Franklin Taylor. With all my practising I had a great deal to learn from him."

"And how about the time at the Academy?"

"I was there for three years under the late Mr. Thomas Wingham. The idea of my taking up music as a profession was really settled for me. As a child I was hardly ever away from the piano, and at eleven I had taught myself several piano pieces and was allowed to perform at a small concert. I remember

practising up the Tancred overture assiduously for the occasion. The piece was bound among others in a very heavy large book, and when I had finished I remember blankly wondering what was the proper thing to do next. Finally I clambered off the chair, draging the book with me, and went down the room to my friends. I wasn't nervous at all, only wondering what my family would think of my performance. Later on it was finally decided that I was to go to the Royal Academy of Music. The time I spent there took a lot of conceit out of me when I found younger girls so much in advance, while for a long time I felt I was no good at music in any branch. The early skill, self-taught, seemed to have deserted me, and success seemed very distant. I practised ten hours a day at one time; but now it is different, I only work for four, and those not consecutively. I find it best to split the time up into divisions of one hour.

I turned to a photograph of Mr. Manns.

"Yes, isn't it an excellent portrait of him? He has been so kind to me, and I have played for him several times at the Crystal Palace. Touring? No, as yet I have done none, but I shall probably be going on tour very soon. Meanwhile I practise steadily. There always seems something more to be done; one is for ever working, polishing. I used to try composition, but it took away so much of my time from my practising. My playing is the pleasure of my life."

"Your work is also your pleasure! It is

good to hear that."

"There is always a new difficulty to meet and contend with, and every day fifteen minutes is devoted to a technical difficulty. It is so interesting, your obstacle a stubborn passive object, you yourself active, alert, directing all your energy against it."

"Opposition necessary to evolution, etc., etc.;

pardon my triteness."

"I make an old friend of a difficulty?"

"You are a philosopher. And you have no amateurish doubts of your own capacity, no foiled ambitions?"

"All that died a natural death years ago; music satisfies one in every way: it leaves no want behind, it justifies one's living."

"I see you have two pianos."

"The worn-out old upright in the corner only does duty for a dumb piano. I padded the inside with old paper programmes, and I can practise difficult passages on it when I am sick of listening to them on the other piano. Do you know this?" she went on, opening the grand and modulating into a graceful étude of Schütt's. "I am working at light music just now; one needs some short solos for one's repertoire besides the sonata and concerto work one has to keep up."

The *étude* melted presently into a Chopin waltz. She broke off quickly and turned to me. "It is curious how quite unmusical people take to a Chopin waltz. As a rule when other things are unheeded these secure appreciation. But when people at "at homes" won't listen to Chopin waltzes, then "—she looked round from the piano with a twinkle—"I give them this," dashing into an elaborate arrangement by Gottschalk of a popular air.

"Oh, yes! I am obliged to be frivolous on those occasions. And the dreadful part of it is this sort of thing is not at all easy to play, and is played against my will."

"I shall write you frivolous with a big F," I rejoined. And we parted in laughter.

A. M. R.





"The empres-

OW amusing have been the notices on Madame Esperanza Kisch-Schorr's (what a name!) playing of Chopin's funeral march à la Anton Rubinstein personally delivered to her by Rubinstein and as played by him in the something or other Saal in Vienna. What a farce! As if Rubinstein had not himself repudiated the reading by refusing to let his own pupils play it in the manner described by Madame Kisch-Schorr. No! It was simply one of Rubinstein's whims to represent an approaching funeral cortige in the piece, and he has himself admitted so. And then the air of newness imparted to the thing! Why it is as old as —well, as old as Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, where Frederick Corder, in the article on Rubinstein, unmercifully condemns the idea as stale and unworthy of an artist. Why not be thorough, Madame Schorr, and adopt also Rubinstein's "programme" for the last movement, "Night winds sweeping over churchyard graves"? Perhaps even a rattle of bones (those known as "Nigger's Bones" are easily procurable) instead of ivories would prove an effective accompaniment.

Bah! The whole thing was a good advertising dodge to catch the British public, nothing more, and of course it CAUGHT.

The British public! Art manurers!!?

Mentioning Grove reminds me of one of the most complete and up-to-date musical dictionaries published. I mean Pauer's Dictionary of Pianists in Novello's primers. It contains hundreds of names of pianists and composers for the piano, some of them not to be found elsewhere. Especially is the modern Russian School complete, though I hope Herr Pauer will see his way to nclude Borodine, Dargomsky, Stcherbatscheff and Antipoff in his next edition. Ole Olesen (whose piano music I can conscientiously recommend to those readers who admire the Norwegian School and find Grieg rather difficult) is omitted from the Norwegians and Aus de Ohe from the Germans. Also I do not understand the philosophy of noticing Hegner, Hoffmann, and Koczalski, and omitting the cleverest of them all (though not the best exploited), viz., Max Hambourg.

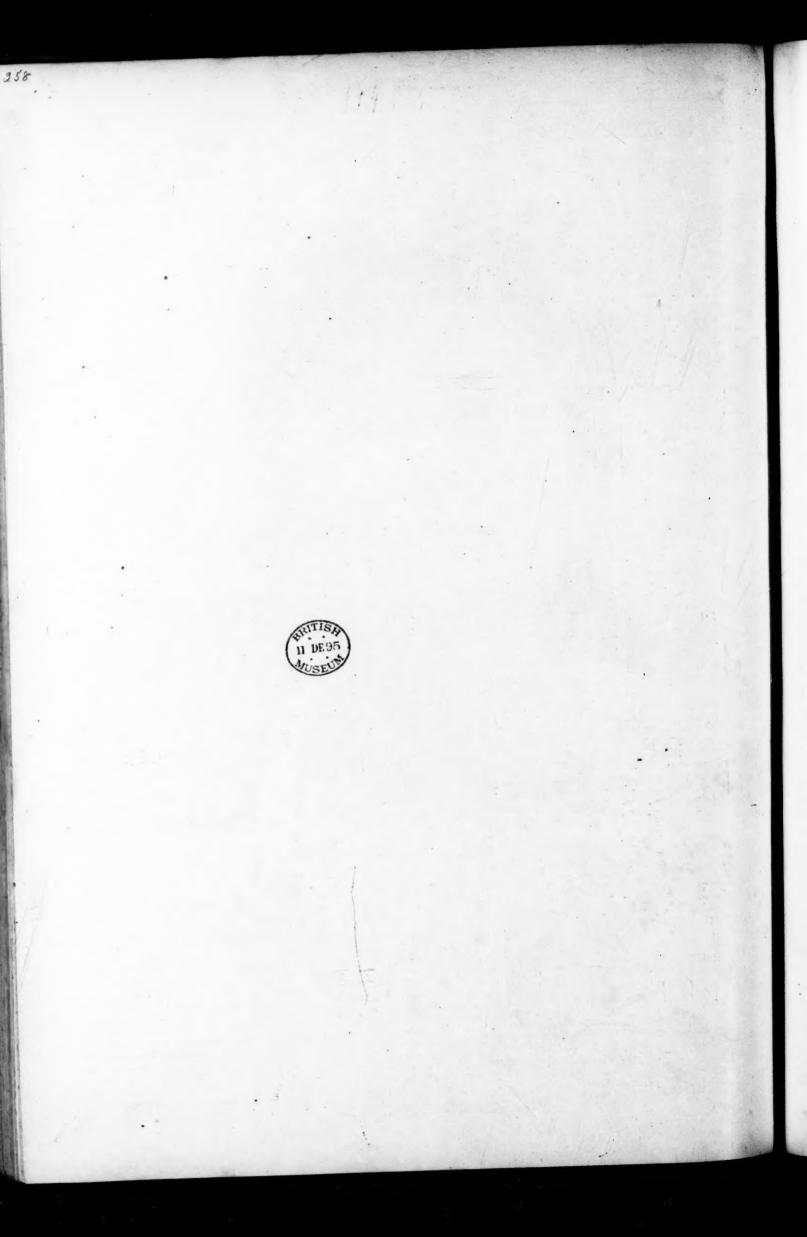
Have any of my readers who possess the picture of Rubinstein at eleven years of age, given in the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC some years since, noticed the astonishing resemblance it bears to the aforesaid Max at the same age? It is really wonderful. Max has, however, an even more powerfully shaped head than had Antoine, as he then signed himself.

Young Hambourg has been studying with Leschetizsky, and has just been having a most colossal success in Australia as I learn from private sources as well as public. I believe he is THE "coming pianist."

But to return to our muttons. There are, as a matter of course, a few errors in Herr Pauer's Dictionary—Lamond, for instance, is spelt Lamont—but they are few and unimportant. In the notice of Sophie Bohrer, however, Herr Pauer declares that details as to her latter life and death are entirely wanting. If he turns to



MISS ANNIE BURGKES.



Dr. Franz Gehring's article in Grove he will find he is mistaken, and he might correct in future editions.

D'Albert, whose name seems to be always coming before the public in connection with a is engaged to play in England in the spring. He has just been divorced from his second wife, and is said to be about to marry a Perhaps Madame Carenno intends following the example about to be set by marrying a fourth (?) husband. D'Albert does not seem to leave a pleasant taste in the mouth, as England and America have both testified. Now it is the turn of Weimar.

If report says true, D'Albert and Sapelnikoff are both sons of Tausig, Liszt's best pupil, who called him "The Infallible with his fingers of steel." As such they would of course be halfbrothers! Curious!! Query—Was Liszt aware of this when he called D'Albert the "young Tausig."

Speaking of Tausig, who was a Pole, reminds one of the extraordinary number of musicians Poland is giving us at the present moment. There is Paderewski of the Sunflower head, Slivinski, Stojowski, Hoffmann, Koczalski, the de Reszkés, Gorski, Janotha, and a dozen others all hailing from the "Fair land of Poland."

Have you seen the very latest in finger studies, Silas' "Calisthenics?" Undoubtedly there are some new things in it. The composer, however, repudiates marking the fingering (a defect in my opinion), "as an insult to experienced pianists," seemingly forgetting that the notes of a finger exercise are the result of certain difficult finger sequences, but not necessarily vice versa. Mr. Silas is not even consistent, as he marks the fingering for No. 12 and the first bar of No. 15 (the latter curiously conflicting), but is not averse to "insulting the experienced pianist" by transposing some of the exercises! Another thing, why not omit the bass as so many are in unison and state octave lower, etc., as the case may be? It would save printing and paper, and enable the publisher to sell the work at a considerably lower price, which would surely be an advantage in the long run. Nevertheless, it is well worthy the attention of courageous pianists in search of good and useful piano passages, and who can apply their own fingering without inward mistrust. The composer calls attention to the unusual difficulty of some of the examples, but they do not compare in that respect with the Tausig-Ehrlich, the Schythe-Rosenthal, or the even more recent Brahms set.

As the festive season is approaching, and dance music will be in much request, those of my readers who are fairly good pianists and look for something above the usual run of "festive-season inanities" might well turn their attention to a set of Quadrilles on Themes by J. S. Bach, and published by J. Hamelle, 22, Rue Malsherbes, Paris (I do not know a London agent). They are capital. Fancy the second fugue from the "48" harmonized in C mdjar! It is a cold water shock. The whole is good and well worked, and they are exquisitely funny in places.

Noticing the excitement the appointment of Herr Nikisch as conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts of Leipzig-vice Reinecke-has caused in that Mendelssohnian stronghold, I am reminded of a rather sharp thing that was said season after season was interrupted with " Vou must remember that if they did they did not go through their repertoire (!) regularly they might forget it! .

Fond mother (to great critic): And what do ou really think of my son's playing?

Great critic: I think, madam, That in one respect at least he equals the great Rubinstein

Fond mother: Oh! really? And how? Great critic (brutally): He plays quite as many wrong notes!

The Professor's Rote_Book.

ohing by I remember hearing, when I was a lad, that a certain professor was in the habit of giving several lessons at one time to pupils in different rooms by means of the telephone. I repeated the story, to my master (one of the old school of musicians, who was nothing if he was not thorough), and his comment was, "If Doctor So-and-so does what you say, he must be either an astonishingly clever man or an atrociously bad teacher. I am frequently reminded of this remark by the advertisements in musical papers of those who profess to teach "touch" and "technique" by correspondence. If there is a subject in the world which demands practical, as well as verbal, illustration, I should have thought that subject was "technique," and how that illustration is to be conveyed by means of letters I cannot conceive. Of course, the advertisers may be "astonishingly clever men"; but, under the circumstances, the alternative does not seem an improbable one-they may be "atrociously bad teachers."

Private A question I have often been asked is, "Do you advise me to study with a private teacher, or at one of the great music schools?" and, being a private teacher myself, I naturally recommend the former course. There have been times, I must confess, when I have done so with some misgivings; but recent experience has convinced me beyond all doubt that the conservatoire system in England is to a very great extent a failure. Take as examples the vocalists who are from time to time appearing before the public as pupils of this or that Academy. It is to be presumed that, according to the laws of these institutions, students who undertake engagements do so with the full knowledge and consent of the authorities, so that it is not unreasonable to suppose that they are, at least, fairly advanced in training. And yet how many of them are failures—hopeless failures! many of them are failures-They have not even an elementary idea of "voice-production"; and as for "style," well— the less said the better. A friend of mine, the conductor of a choral society in a country town, who has been in the habit of sending to one or other of the London schools for soloists, told me the other day that he would never engage a student again unless he had previously heard her or him sing. "They have ruined my concerts over and over again," he said.

Elementary So far as the elementary stage of musical instruction is concerned, our academies and colleges seem to be equally unfortunate. I know a young girl whose parents, acting on the advice of a friend, took once in my hearing. Some one complaining of the away from a private teacher and sent her to the incessant warming up of the same works one of the London schools. There, twice a

week, she scrambled through her allotted work (she certainly could not play it), and just had time to have another page or two marked when the twenty minutes' so-called lesson was over. The whole thing was a mockery and a sham. She could not profit by any instruction, for there was none given. It is true she was sometimes told to lower her wrists in a legato passage and to look after the phrasing. But this was so much Chinese to her. She went through book after book, but learnt nothing,

and at last gave up the whole thing in despair.

Foreign ConBervatoires.

well in other countries—why not here? This is a question which some one should answer fairly and honestly. I do not suggest that students should go abroad for instruction. That has been proved to be unnecessary by some of our greatest artists who have been trained in this country. Neither do I impute incompetence or carelessness to the teachers in our English colleges. number among them some of the most distinguished living professors. But I do say, from some cause or other, that whereas a connection with one of the continental conservatoires is an accepted guarantee of some degree of proficiency, the fact of having studied at either of our London schools, colleges, or academies, counts for nothing or less than nothing.

Phresing. Speaking of "phrasing," what a much-used but little understood term this is! There are many players who have no idea of its real meaning. If you doubt have no idea of its real meaning. this, listen to their practice. Wait till they come to a difficult passage which needs playing over and over again, and see if they don't begin at the first note of a bar, or anywhere rather than at the beginning of a phrase. If they realized that each phrase was a musical sentence, they would not do this. They would not, were they required to repeat a sentence in speech, cut off the first word or two, nor would they commence at the last few words of a foregoing sentence. To tell the truth, "phrasing" is left too much to the intelligence of the pupils. Says the teacher, "It is no good to try to teach phrasing. A young child cannot understand it, and an advanced student 'phrases' naturally." That the latter is not the case can be easily shown; and that "phrasing" can be brought within the comprehension of the veriest beginner is proved by Mr. Ridley Prentice's invaluable little work, "The Musician," which I would recommend to all my young friends, teachers and students alike. It sets forth in the simplest language the whole subject, and will show the youngest child that the piece he or she has to play is not a mere string of chords and runs, jumbled together without beginning, middle, or end, but a piece of workmanship of perfect design and

THOUGH it must be readily admitted that operas performed with stage accessories lose some of the legitimate effect they should produce, a really impressive interpretation of Gluck's Orpheus was secured by the Highbury Philharmonic Society, under Mr. G. H. Betjemann, on Monday evening, November 18. The Mdlles. Giulia and Sofia Ravogli took their original parts, and Miss Kate Cove was pleasing as Eros. A very fine performance was subsequently given of Prof. Villiers Stanford's everwelcome ballad, "The Revenge." Mr. Betjemann's choir is in excellent condition this season.





OWest Indian Jaylls. +* **

On Fram Cehring's article in Grove he

HORATIO AT LAW.

By R. R. TERRY. -:0:

moderate length among the children of Ham speedily impresses the resident with two mighty convictions: (1) that the downtrodden, pious, and God-fearing negro, whose Christian patience so moved us in the pages of Mrs. Beecher Stowe (that singularly illinformed romancer), has no existence outside the walls of Exeter Hall, Strand; (2) that the most prominent characteristics of our dusky brother (next to his everlasting possessions of unhistoric speech and latronic deed) are a passion for litigation, coupled with an eminently un-legal mind, and a tendency to much oratory, unaccompanied by an equal loftiness in aim or act. One faculty, however, he possesses in no mean degree: that of a keen eye for personal peculiarities, to each of which he has sufficient wit to fit an appropriate nickname. His proverbial philosophy, drawn from everyday objects and affairs, is also often apt, as well as epigrammatic. Does he wish to say, "Adversity humbles the proudest"? It is conveyed in "When bulldog hab trubble, puppy('s) breeches fit he." In like manner,

"Alligatah lay egg, but he no fowl;"

"When cow hab no tail Gahd A'mighty brush

"'Come see me!' is nawtn, but 'come lib wid me!' is sumtn;"

" Braggin (noisy) ribber nebber drown smahdi (any one).

carry their own meaning. The fondness of the fowl for the succulent cockroach furnishes many a wise saw on the necessity of avoiding dangerous company :--

"Carkroach nebber in de right wid a fowl;"

"Carkroach gib a dance, but he no ax fowl;"

"Carkroach ebber so drunk, he no walk pars fowl yard."

To see him, however, during one of his oratorical flights is a thing not soon to be forgotten. Sense there is none; word and phrase are mangled and tortured into the weirdest and gruesomest combinations; but what matters that to him? he is talking, that is enough. As his ponderous periods roll out in majestic confusion, his eyes flash, his arms wave, and his whole frame quivers in ecstacy. Though grotesque, his movements are seldom ungraceful; he is a born actor, and, given a brain, he would be a great one.

In this lies the secret of Methodist success in his midst. At his chapel he finds in "prayer' and "experience" meetings, full scope for his oratory, nor is he backward in availing himself of his privilege. But it is at "tea-meetings" that he shines in supremest glory. If his attire is garish and gorgeous, so also is his discourse. Thanks to Sir Isaac Pitman, I have been able to preserve many verbatim reports of these deliverances, which might otherwise have proved mere futile breathings into the great infinite. Let two suffice.

Our sable Cicero proposeth the health of the ladies :-

"Courtesy and politeness as a prologiter causes me to say, 'Good-evening, ladies and gentlemen.' I do most accordial bow with due submission and without sarcastic emotion; but with forcible affability, and not equivocation, I stand before you in order to dedicate my humble tribute with social vivacity, and to occupy a space in the column of your time. Sirs, I will R.R.T.

UCH as it grieves me to state the fact, not attempt to move your sympathy by the I must say that a residence of even pathetic description of my own feelings, but mounted police. To make matters worse, good while stunding before you to contemplate and express the subject of tea-meetings (hear, hear) the scene may be more distinctly recognised. My Christian friends, it is with high feelings of patriotic joy that I point to the past troubles, whilst we hail the reformation of religion and its achievements of political rights (cheers), not as sources of our strength, but as a significant type of social victories (loud cheers), won to the cause of humanity and civilization (deafening applause). By conclusion, I am forced to withdraw my expostulation, especially when looking around and taking a microscopic view of the ladies (frantic cheers), together with the conviviality of the gentlemen (soft appreciative murmurs from the ladies). I know not in what manner to address you; I beg most respectfully to resume, trusting my resolution to be supported" (loud applause).

Here beginneth the prologue to a long speech :-

"Renowned chairman, it is with estatic delectation of cordial conviviality that I move with resolution to address this meeting. Ladies and gentlemen, when I received this invitation to attend this meeting I might have slight it or object it. But being one that is neither magisterial nor misanthropic, but as a gregarious philanthropist, I attend to give mitigation to the magnanimity of my mind (hear, hear). Chairman, sir, when I looked around me, seeing the ladies (applause) are so neatly clad (loud applause) in their exuberant habiliments (loud cheers), I am compelled myself captive to their fascination (wild cheering). Ladies and gentlemen, when I cast my thoughts. as far as my mental capacities affords me, it accuses my faculty to educe some sentimental assiduities. Ladies and gentlemen, while I was sitting listening to the vociferous voices of the harmonious choirs I was compelled to own," etc., etc.

We had many orators in San Marco, but our chiesest pride was Horatio Plantagenet Brown, preacher and class-leader. Though not called to the bar, his legal practice was extensive; it consisted in procuring (for a consideration) witnesses for any given case, who would be willing to swear as directed with the utmost fervour. When drinks grew scarce, and funds were low, he would occasionally do a little legal specula-tion on his own account. His modus operandi was simple. After borrowing, or in some way securing possession of, the necessary florin, he would forthwith invest the same in a summons against some ebony brother (much to the latter's surprise) for assault and battery. An alibi availed defendant little, as Horatio's rebutting testimony was invariably overwhelming. More-over, magistrate Slingsby was a serious "Evangelical," and his high opinion of Horatio's moral rectitude was generally sufficiently strong to override any suspicion which "discrepancies" in our class-leader's evidence might give rise to. Many a "five shillings and costs" did our worthy Plantagenet divide in this way with his witnesses, but, alas ! continued success undermined his habitual caution, and in an evil hour he flew at dangerously high game, in the person

* The above are no inventions, but verbatim reports of speeches actually delivered in an Antiguan chapel.—

old magistrate Slingsby was away on leave, and his locum tenens was none other than Joey Rivers, the revenue officer, to whom an undesirable side of Horatio's character was but too well known. This was disheartening, but nothing daunted, Horatio appeared in due course, and sent his brother, a schoolmaster and man of learning, into the witness-box, to open the ball.

as patrice the rubble in connection

"At or about the hour of 8 p m. on Thursday evening, your honour," began that gentleman, " I was wending my rectified footsteps towards the house of the plaintiff, when, nearing the window, I heard a voice proclaiming in ambiguous and ungrammatical phraseology that she was partial to cottage meetings and enamoured of cottage

Here the relentless Joey cut the wordy stream short, and his peremptory order to "stop that nonsense and come to the point" so upset the man of education that he became confused, and floundered in an unconvincing manner through the remainder of his evidence, with small benefit to Horatio's case.

Now came the forlorn hope in the shape of the plaintiff himself. His narrative lacked the literary skill of his more erudite brother, but it was more circumstantial, and only lacked corroboration.

"Well, yer 'anner, it war like dis. As I war a-sittin' wid my fambly in our peaceful Christian home, de doah be fling open, an' Sargint Hopkin he wark in an' say he goan ter drill us ahl. He say we gat to 'tend to what he say, or he gib us wan kick and send us froo de roof!

"'My paätience,' I say, when he tell me,*
'you say 'noder word, an' I jes gib you 'noder kick an' lan' you in Babboodah.† My paätience, Sargint Hopkin, you bin cahl youself a sargint

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ob police an'-'I nat Sargint Hopkin,' sayhe; 'I be Reefus,§ de red haht man ob de districk.'

"'Well,' I say, 'an' you be de red-hot man ob de districk, I muss gib you sumtn to cool you hahtness'; an' I say to he,-

'Gahd move in a mitteerius way He wondah to pofahm; He set he fut upahn de sea,'

an' he up wid he fiss an' knack me daown, yer 'anner, an' say,-

'He ride upahn de 'tarm.'

Den, yer anner, he bin frow me on de floah an' teck my lip between he teef, an' I say, 'O sargint, you an officer ob de Lah, an' treat a Christchun man so!' Den he teck de udder lip in he teef, an' I say to he-

"You spoke then, did you?" Joey gently remarked, carelessly polishing his eye-glass on his sleeve.

"Yis, yer 'anner," returned Horatio, un-

"Poor fellow! He was biting both your lips, you say?"

"Yis, yer 'anner" (fervently; completely dis-

armed by the magisterial sympathy).
"Very good. Case dismissed. Pay Ser-"Very good. geant Hopkins thirty shillings costs !" And to this day the dumbfounded Horatio cannot understand why he lost that case.

* i.e., "said to me." Tell is generally uses sense of say to, e.g., He would not tell me morning"; I told him "good-bye." Tell is generally used in the

† Barbuda. | § Presumably Rufus.

to ano time, enter one of

"A Vanished Hazo." ** d'affected bis bead to of eight children by h THE REPORTABLE AND HALL

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF SIR CHARLES HALLÉ.

F I were asked what was the strongest trait in Sir Charles Halle's character, I should answer that it was perseverance, and that, too, while bearing in mind other qualities of a more striking and brilliant nature. Perseverance was to him a gift. It kept him, in his earliest days, hard at work in the seclusion of his father's study, when the allurements of a prodigy's career were held out to him. It accompanied him in his public life as an artist, prompting him to brave the indifference and opposition of men of influence by introducing at his concerts the music which he considered

most worthy.

It is hard to realise now, when no recital programme is complete without one or two of Beethoven's sonatas, that before Halle's appearance in London these mighty works were never heard in public.

"Beethoven was all in all to me," he once said to a friend of mine, "from my boyhood onwards. He was a living man when I began to play his music, and I felt that I knew him through his works. I loved him, too, and made up my mind that others should learn to love

Surely no such claim could be made for any single musician living as that which is due to him who has just left us-that he taught us to know Beethoven!

The Royal Manchester College of Music is a great and lasting monument to his perseverance and tenacity of purpose. Opposed at every step by those whose motives it is not for me to judge, he carried through with success the scheme for the establishment of this splendid institution, with the result that the great northern city possesses a school of musical art which, even in its present infantile state, will compare for importance and efficiency with any of its kind. Let me give Sir Charles Halle's own words, in which he introduced this notable project at a great meeting in the Manchester Town Hall :-

"From my own experience," he said, "from what I have heard and from what I have had written to me, a good many people feel that the time has come when a really great musical Conservatorium should be founded here in Manchester. For establishing such an institution Manchester was never in such an excellent position as now, because we have professors for every musical instrument-and very excellent ssors, too, that have a name through all the kingdom-resident here in Manchester. No town in the whole of England, with the exception of London, is so favoured in this respect; and therefore, with such facilities, it must be clear that an enormous number of people desire to study music. Some facts that have come to my knowledge show this. Only to-day I have heard that every week upwards of six hundred music lessons are given in one single house in this city of ours."

Although the Royal Manchester College of Music has only been in existence something like two years, the good work already done has more than justified the action of its illustrious

irks or the grey and pearly order

It opened its doors on the 7th of October, been subjected to an entrance examination; and at the end of the first year the report was an eminently satisfactory one to all concerned. In spite of many difficulties, it is still growing, and no doubt before long the College will be entirely self-supporting—an end which all those connected with it will work hard to bring about

Unlike the majority of public performers, Hallé was a perfect teacher, and in this capa-city was in great request in London as well as in the north. I have met with more than one of his pupils, and have been struck with the deep and lasting affection with which he has inspired them.

"I am so glad," one of them remarked to me a few days after his death, "that I made his acquaintance just when I did. I was getting weary of work, work, work, with very little apparent result; but he stimulated me to fresh exertion, and put new life into me. If I ever succeed as an artist, it will be entirely owing to his encouragement and his teaching."

In answer to an inquiry as to his methods my friend said : " He was more particular than any master I ever met with in small things. Look at his 'Pianoforte School'; that will give you an idea of his carefulness about details. And yet," she added, "the foundations he laid were as broad as they were undoubtedly sound and solid." This testimony is supported by and solid." hundreds of young musicians throughout the country.

It is, of course, as a pianist and conductor that Sir Charles Halle will be chiefly remembered. When, a lad of eighteen, he was sent by his father to Paris, he was received by Chopin, Kalkbrenner, and Liszt, who recognised in him a young artist destined to share with themselves the front rank amongst musicians. Of this period of his life Hallé was never tired of speaking.

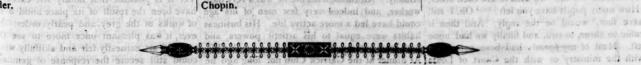
"I can never properly estimate," he used to say, "the advantages of being associated in my young days with such a consummate artist as Frederic Chopin. He was an ideal player, and impressed me greatly by his graceful, delicate Then those strange, subtle compositions of his, which under his fingers revealed qualities which might almost be called supernatural, have never lost their effect on me."

I am not going to compare Halle's methods as a pianist with these of the "emotional" or "romantic" school of players. Although the balance of public opinion may be in favour of the latter, there are, happily, still those who appreciate a rendering of the great composers in which the interpreter does not overshadow the interpreted, but yields himself a medium for the perfect expression of the musician's thought and meaning. There was nothing of the mountebank about Hallé; no dazzling personality to add to the general "effect" of his performances. People who admired his playing admired it for its own sake, because it revealed to them the true Beethoven-the true not make were ten men of

This entire absence of display in all that 1893, with seventy-six students, all of whom had he did, made the cordiality with which Hallé was received in the colonies all the more remarkable. Whether he visited Australia or Africa, the people flocked to hear him, and he was enthusiastically fèted. The veteran pianist felt a keen, almost a boyish pride in this warm appreciation. Only a few days before his death he said to a friend, in the course of a conversation, the subject of which was his recent visit to the Cape, "Yes, I shall go again. I cannot tell you how I love those warm-hearted colonists, who can find the time, yes, and the heart, to listen to such music as I played to them, and not only to listen, but to applaud and ask for more." I know many living far away from old England who will feel the poorer for the loss of the genial musician.

It is scarcely necessary for me to refer to the services which Sir Charles Hallé rendered to the cause of music in his capacity of conductor and entrepreneur. No man has done more, few, if any, have been able to do as much, as he did to create and foster a love for the great orchestral works of the greatest masters. Mr. August Manns, the only conductor we possess in England with whom he can be compared, and many other musicians have borne witness to this fact. That he did not greatly favour English music was the fault of English music itself. One who knew him intimately has told me that he spent hours which he could ill spare in trying the compositions of native writers which were submitted to him. In one case he put a Pianoforte Concerto into rehearsal, and spared neither time nor trouble in getting it to go." Convinced at last that the work did not contain the elements of success, he put it on one side; when, by way of revenge, the composer stated that the reason for its non-per-formance was that Hallé found the solo part too intricate and difficult to play!

Hallé bore the name of a brilliant raconteur. He was the soul of amiability, and many good stories are told of his generosity and singular kindliness of heart. I will conclude this short paper by relating one which, I believe, has not found its way into print before. Not long ago, a small, weak-looking boy was struggling along one of the streets of Manchester with a huge truck, somewhat heavily loaded. He had not gone far when his strength gave out, and in heer helplessness he drew up to the side of the road and began to weep. A tall old gentleman who was near, observing the cause of his distress, patted him on the shoulder and said, "Don't cry, my lad. Let us see what we can do together"; and forthwith put his hand to ; and forthwith put his hand to the truck, which, by the united exertions of the boy and his kind friend, was soon brought to its destination. Without waiting for thanks the old gentleman passed on, while the boy stood looking after him in wonderment. "Who is that?" he said presently to another lad who had watched the incident with evident amusement. "Yon is Sir Charles Halle,"-was the reply. one or soludi.



could have led a more active life

Sir Charles Halle.

NE more link with the historic past has been snapped by the death of Sir. Charles Hallé, and a great and notable figure has been removed from the world of music. It takes one back a long time to the days when Chopin and Liszt, Berlioz and Cherubini, Thalberg and Paganini, might all have been seen in one day on the streets of Paris; when Victor Hugo and Guizot and Lamartine, and the elder Dumas and Georges Sand were all elbowing each other in the literary salons of the French capital. Halle's reminiscences went even farther back than that: for he played one of Beethoven's trios when Beethoven was still alive, and Spohr heard him at Cassel before he had got well out of short clothes. Like most pianists, Hallé was a prodigy, and had made many public appearances before, at the age of sixteen, he went to study seriously under Rinck, at Darmstadt. Rinck—the author of the famous "Organ School"-rather astonished him when he asked him to come for his lesson every morning at six o'clock, because, said Rinck, "from five to six I compose." It was after leaving Rinck that he went to Paris. He intended to place himself under Kalkbrenner, but Kalkbrenner had given up teaching by that time, and Hallé had only the satisfaction of hearing him play. It slimulated him considerably to find that a man like Kalkbrenner could play wrong notes: until then he had thought it was only beginners who did such dreadful things.

Failing Kalkbrenner, Hallé went on studying by himself, practising for ten or fifteen hours a day, and after three years of hard work in this way, he decided to "come out." He thought he would play a Beethoven sonata for one thing, and he declared his intention to a friend. "Don't do it; it will never go down," said the latter. It was the voice of worldly wisdom. At that time solo sonatas were never played in public. Musicians held that the public did not understand them; and so they played down to the public by giving them little rondos, airs with variations, arrangements of operatic melodies, et hoc genus omne. Hallé had more faith in the public. He gave them Beethoven; they received the master gladly, and the daring pianist lived to see the time when the exponent of Beethoven has to be careful lest his audience may be hurt by having the too-familiar presented to them.

Hallé left Paris for England when the Revolution of 1848 broke out. Two years before that he had organized a series of chamber music concerts, in conjunction with Franchomme and Alard. The venture proved quite as successful as the promoters could have wished. In the third season, when the whole of the seats had been subscribed for, the Revolution broke out. At the first concert which followed the outbreak there were only about fifty persons in the room. Next week there were fewer still, and at length many subscribers who had been rich were glad enough to get their money back, although the amount was not in any case very large. Up to that time the concert givers had as many pupils as they wished to take, but owing to the political troubles that prevailed they gradually dwindled away. "When we met," said Sir Charles in one of his reminiscent moods, "we used to ask each other, 'How many pupils have you left?' 'Oh, I still have four,' would be the reply. And then it came to three, to two, and finally we had none

Philippe, and as I had a wife and two children dependent on me, I said to myself, 'I must leave Paris; it is useless remaining here,' and that was how I came to England."

Hallé made his début at Covent Garden on May 12, 1848, playing Beethoven's E flat Concerto, and he made various appearances elsewhere, before he went to settle in Manchester shortly after. It was in 1857 that he started his concerts in Manchester, and formed the famous Hallé Orchestra, which is one of the very few permanent bands now existing in the provinces. The concerts proved rather an uphill fight at first. At the end of the opening season Halle's agent brought him his share of the profits in threepenny pieces, amounting to half-a-crown, which, as there were thirty concerts in the series, was just a penny for each concert! As head of his orchestra, Sir Charles travelled all over England and Scotland, giving frequent concerts in Liverpool, Bradford, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. He directed many orchestral concerts in London, and to him was mainly due the popularity of Berlioz' Faust. As a conductor, he belonged to what may be called the serener sort; and probably, as has been said, in his heart he felt himself most at home with the classical masters. But his sympathies were thoroughly catholic. His services in popularizing the music of Berlioz, Schumann and Schubert are incalculable; and as for Wagner, he was probably the first conductor in this country to venture on a concert devoted exclusively to the works of the Bayreuth hero. He always gave the public of the best, believing that if they grumbled at first they would approve in the end. And he had his reward. Berlioz called him "le musicien sans peur et sans reproche," and Jullien once paid him the Frenchy compliment of saying—"To succeed as a musician one must either be a great charlatan like me, or a great genius like you."

Of course it is as a pianist that Hallé will be chiefly remembered, and this not with standing that he belonged to what must now be regarded as the old school. Nay, it is perhaps just because of this that he will be remembered. He had nothing of the sound and fury, the languishing sentimentality, the overdone fervour by which the latter-day romantic school of pianists win their way into public favour. There was nothing bizarre or meretricious about his playing; his whole style aimed more at solidity than sensationalism; and if he was less of an impressionist than some may have desired, there was no doubting the consistency with which he worked out his artistic ideals. For many years he had been associated with that brilliant violinist, Madame Norman-Neruda; and when the Oueen included his name among the Jubilee honours in 1887, the artistic union of the two was strengthened by the bond of marriage. His association with Madame Neruda led to a certain widening of his choice of programmes, which brought him abreast of the most advanced school; and in his later days Brahms, Dvorak, and Grieg, with others of the moderns less famous, frequently found themselves included.

Practically, Hallé never did anything at com position; he said he had no time for it. In such leisure as he could command, he edited his famous "Classical School" of pianoforte pieces that range through the whole field of music for the instrument. He had a large teaching connection, and among his pupils were the Princess of Wales and the late Duke of Albany. All through his life he was a very hard worker, and indeed very few men of his age could have led a more active life. His business habits were equal to his artistic powers, and left. Most of my friends had been connected both were preserved to the end by a regular life. with the ministry or with the Court of Louis At dinner at the Garrick Club not long ago he put a glass of claret into a bottle of apollinaris. and afterwards ordered a cup of coffee, declaring that the intoxicant had affected his head! Sir Charles had a family of eight children by his first wife, whom he lost in 1866. His eldest son is a well-known painter, and one of the founders of the Grosvenor and the New

Art in Autumn.

"The Art is to THE man who first fixed a conceal Art." "Private View" day did not think this motto would apply so aptly in coming times to his invention. This, however, is the state of things now. A "Private View" may exhibit the artist : it certainly conceals his A crowd of people, all willing to be objects of interest to each other, cram the rooms, so that a glimpse at rare intervals only is obtainable of the pictures between a coat and a gown. If there be disappointment in that, there is inreturn a satisfaction in the compulsory scanning of other varieties of art : the dress, deportment, bearing towards each other, of the assembled votaries-not to mention the nature, more or less sophisticated, visible in the various expressions and forms of the faces around one. At the Suffolk Street view these considerations were not unpleasantly balanced. If the translations from nature that covered the walls were less insistent than the life itself that held the floors, there was at least enough seen to make a less interrupted perusal of the pictures desirable. There was an element of interest tooin noting the power of certain paintings to draw attention. A very few secured the tribute of a crowd that was still replaced by new crowding as it flowed round the rooms. notable instance of this was Mr. Machell's picture of "'Twixt Priest and Profligate." an instinct hardly explicable, this work fixed the somewhat trivial visitors into an unmistakable if transient attitude of respect-it almost seemed of admiration. I do not pretend to understand the artist's fuller meaning; but that a meaning is there which is beautiful and perhaps true, seems evident. The soul, after perplexed struggle between the gross and the ascetic, rises above both into a life of richer enjoyment and more noble purity. Leaving the doctrine for the mode of its expression, one feels a real fitness in the lines and hues, and even in the frame that clasps rather than surrounds them. The picture is felt at a glance to be of the order Mystical. Its flatness of tint, and quality of retiring rather than coming forward, is beautiful. As a colour scheme, though it might easily have emerged from the painter's hand, in spite of his instructed efforts, crude and bizarre, it is full of charm and is indeed just of the kind that does not weary, but grows more delightful with fuller acquaintance. Doubtless, to that order of mind which starts horrorstruck at any picture, book, or earthly object whatever that has "Thought" inscribed even vaguely on its front, this production of Mr. Machell's will produce distinct discomposure; but then, what the deuce are such minds doing in this gallery? Another picture by this artist, "The Wooing of Death," though instinct with the same refinement and beauty of thought, may have a legitimate objection brought against it, as being a little fierce in colour. Yet it is possible that faintly felt excess may have been the result of its place amid a series of works of the grey and pearly order. However, it was pleasant once more to see that a work of art earnestly felt and skilfully wrought could still secure the response of genuine ad-

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miration at a time when thought of any high kind seems about to disappear from Art. Now-adays Art progresses in booms, just as that elusive thing, national prosperity, is said to do. The Art boom proper began with pre-Raphaelitism. A number of subsidiary booms followed, such as the cult of the monk, of the Bible symbol, of Teutonic magic, of the Arthurian cycle, of the "erotic" school, finally, of thought-denuded realism. The latter, supposed by a certain set to be the only realism produced, by the law that governs reactions, the impressionist schools in their strictly later developments. These have burgeoned as far as the vital sap will go, and now perhaps it may occur to artists that after all, thought is the thing that even the most mist-ridden human being who ever mixed and laid grey on canvas wishes to represent to his fellow-men. With Machell there may now be started an ethical boom of more imaginative and less creed-bound shape than has yet

appeared, or, at least, remained. The New English Art Club still braves the cold looks and peevish remarks of its natural enemies. In spite of the insufficient nourishment and loss of vitality in the form of membership, it shows a rallying power this month which augurs well for its rise into strength and maturity. There is more evidence than in last year's exhibition of unbiassed statement and genuine love of beauty. The quest of the ugly is not so apparent, while as yet there is no slackening in the production of nature's beauty undiluted with the academic traditions. It is true there is a tender and reverent adherence to certain personal traditions, as in the Spanish-looking portrait No. 32, where Velasquez is plainly felt. Considering that the work is in that modern manner in which oil paint is used as if it were distemper colour, there is a creditable resemblance to the great Spaniard's hand. Will any painter ever again try to use paint as Velasquez used it in sweeping in the white collar of the truculent Admiral who enriches our National Gallery with his presence? Are we to remain content with feeble imitations of Watts's oatmeal and Millais' rough-cast when anything like lace or linen is to be done? No. 43, by James Patterson, is remarkable for its keen, cool, northern look, and for the truth and beauty of the winding stream, with its face of steel and its bright aloofness from everything in the room. It isolates itself in the memory-does this river-and holds the rest of the picture in one's memory too, in a properly subordinated way. Having had the pleasure of seeing No. 60, J. Havard Thomas, beam and speak last night, I was forced to recognise in the picture a striking portrait, and -but what more could Mr. Thomas or his friends desire? Fred Brown's "Ruined Castle," and "Chepstow Castle" by Nelson Dawson, make one hope that repoussé work may engage the latter less constantly, and that the former may devote more time to what is more his métier than figure subjects. Roger E. Fry's "Afternoon" is truly lovely, poetic, refreshing—all that a scene like it in nature sometimes is, and with the author's personality, an added element of interest. Algernon Charles Swinburne has allowed a portrait of himself to be thing here, the work of Mr. Rothenstein. I fail to see any good purpose served by the jarring smudge of dull scarlet on the beard that gives a bizarre resemblance perhaps, but rouses all kinds of savage tendencies in any one who respects his eyes and the universal harmonies. Mr. Conder in "L'Oiseau Bleu" has composed a beautiful thing, almost as forceful in impressing the memory as Mr. Guthrie's river. A jewel-like "preciousness" pervades it, and its keeping is perfect. George

r.

Thomson is as clever as may be, and as unsuccessful as might be expected, when bizar-rie is aimed at with red pigment, and a beard is made to resemble, in texture and hue, that of Hudibras. Red hair and beards are beautiful if the adjoining flesh is in tolerably good order, and they have always been seized on as opportunities for colour-melody by painters since St. Luke even to our day; but Maddox Brown started a fashion for carrying red as a discord into paintings in order to arrest notice, and here it survives still, the last and ugliest of a set of affectations that stayed instead of accelerating art thought, while as yet they were a fashion. Altogether this is the most alive of all London exhibitions, mostly so because the Society which holds it is as yet unspoiled by praise or lucre, and lives the happiest portion of its life in cultivating genuine acquaintance with nature and with art. When this its mode of life has cast off the last of the old affectations that have hitherto only given the Philistine his chance to blaspheme, this infant body may wake some fine morning to the fact that it has become the English School of Painting. Wisely nourished, it is an infant "with a future.

Secularist Holyoake may still remember the beginnings of a movement which has now reached a different The movement is and more effective phase. to free Englishmen on Sundays from the power of the dead hand of some 17th century bigot or hypocrite-Charles II. or another. In earlier times this movement was carried on in the vein of Cambyses, or, say, Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Now it would seem to lie under the influence of feelings like those that made Bob Acres remark his courage was "oozing away at the tips of his There are certain good people who succeed, at a great expense of trouble, in giving a few Londoners the opportunity of glancing at various works of art in London galleries for about the sixth part of one day—that one day being Sunday. "'Ods, gifts and graces" Bob Acres might say, "what a magnanimous concession!" After two hours of travel by road or rail, one of those who toil for ever or spin may be allowed to study the cream of English Art in pictures for 120 minutes or so; which, supposing the gallery contains 200 pictures, admits of a little less than sixty seconds in which to penetrate the meaning or appreciate justly the skill inherent in each of these 200 works of art. And six hours distant, crowds of a nationality supposed by every right-thinking Englishman to be vastly inferior to us stroll for the whole afternoon of any Sunday in view of the noblest thoughts that Europe has yet produced. There in the Louvre orderly masses, artisans, clerks, shopmen, toilers of both sexes, soldiers-numbers of these, gravely, and reverently, and intelligently scan the work of Buonarotti, Angelico, Cagliari, or even Watteau. The base, flippant French nation treats itself so; while we, of a loftier race and a broader intellect take wonderingly our two hours' scamper en queue past pictures that are ours to see by the kindness of a few private corporations or individuals. "How wonderful-what a piece of work is the Englishman! Of course our old friend who abominates, what he never saw perhaps, "the Continental Sunday" will throw in our teeth the fact of labour going on during Sunday as well as week-days. If that were even so, as well as week-days. If that were even so, and it is not so, what more could our friend expect from our "natural enemies," those French neighbours of ours? I'm afraid those persons who shudder at the "Continental Sunday" have spent that day, when they visited France, in other places than the beautiful gardens and museums of the country. There

seems at present no hope for it, but until our people take the bull by the horns and demand the opening of our public museums and galleries on Sundays as on other days, nothing but peddling and trifling with the matter will go The obstructives whose crass stupidity and utter ignorance of what is valuable in the arts enables them to defy and deny, without feeling, the claims of their fellow-creatures to a national day of rest, must now learn that consideration for their hide-bound natures is to The leaders of the Free Sunday movement should realize the fact that the time is come for sweeping aside the insensate objections of boobies, falsely styled religious people, whose idea of doing God's will on earth is to sternly punish the selling of wholesome food on Sundays, while freely licensing the selling of beer and whisky. They bewail the innocent gaiety of a French or German youth, but seemingly ignore the filth and drunken cruelty and lecherous callousness that make the slums beside their palaces, clerical and other, a terror and disgust to the ordinary person; they send money to help the hopeless attempts made by missionaries to overcome the results of ages of inherited stupor, but will not lift a little finger to lift the artificial pall of dulness that desccrates the streets and lives of "Sabbath" London-As to those magnates and prelates who are sometimes heard to speak plaintively of the fastchanging character of the English Sunday whenever the Sunday opening of a picture gallery is mooted, how very evidently their tongues must be in their cheeks when we remember that their own households have no holiday as a rule, only as an exception. A smile of incredulity is the only proper answer to such people, and the louder the smile the sooner will they cease their prating-for a shrewder eye to see how the wind blows than that of your landed, plutocratic or prelatic successful man, never did exist, and never will, especially when his life has been marked by a tendency to conserve old institutions. As soon as he sees that respect for old institutions means loss of importance for him in the public eye, he will let the institutions-die.

THERE is much to be said in favour of Mr. Du Maurier's sketches in illustration of his own "Trilby"; still the drawings now at the Fine-Art Society's rooms do not wholly come up to our hopes of them, nor quite justify all that we have heard said in their favour. It is right to say that these are the original drawings in pencil (chiefly from well-selected male and female sitters) of single figures in the compositions which were afterwards engraved and published. The sketches are about three hundred in number, and by the side of most of them have been placed reduced versions of the compositions to which the figures belong. We confess that we miss much the novel prepared us to expect; for example, we can hardly sympathize with Mr. Du Maurier's representation of Svengali, which lacks the melodramatic force and tragic grotesqueness of the tale; while as to the "Musketeers of the Bush," as Trilby's three champions were called, neither together nor separately do they satisfy the critic. In these respects the exhibition confirms the old criticism which condemns an artist, even so accomplished an illustrator as Mr. Du Maurier, who makes designs for his own writings. Trilby alone, and that only in the illustrations of the later scenes of the novel, is completely satisfactory. "Trilby's Repentance" (No. 40) seems, in the finest of th e series, and certainly it is most Du Maurier-like of all the designs. Technically speaking, it would be hard to admire too much the extraordinary felicity, precision, and nervous facility of the artist's touch, his rare command of the pencil, or the wonderful care which this multitude of studie shows he bestowed upon his task.

Miss Susan Strong.

F you are a prima donna elect who read these words, "tak' note" as the Gael says, and remember that a quiet artistic screen, black and gold for choice, is the best background whereon to hang the floating ribbons that bind the sweet débutante's flowers, whose glories you may recall at will in years to come by the power of "the alchemy of your immortal spirit."

The ribbons that flashed in the firelight as I waited in Miss Strong's drawing-room for her return from a Covent Garden rehearsal vied with each other in colour and importance, and, happy omen ! rose colour seemed the prevailing tint, one streamer being inscribed with a greeting in silver letters, while others of red, white, blue showed that the stars and stripes had not been altogether forgotten. Indeed the room, a typical specimen of the quiet English appartement, had little decoration but these pretty trophies, points of interest which divided honours with a fine portrait on the piano of Mr. Korbay and a sheaf of dainty volumes, from among which you may be sure Wagner literature was not excluded.

The interviewer waited long for the subject, seated on the edge of a chair, starting hopefully at every sound, and guiltily slipping back into its nook, a commentary on the Valkyrie by Kobbé, when steps passed on the stair, only to be caught red-handed at the point where the commentator opens an analysis of Sieglinde's

"Your book," stammered the interviewer, incoherent and surprised; "time heavy, book fascinating, thousand pardons. Forgiveness?"

And the real Sieglinde of the moment emerged, weary but radiant, to pardon and to pacify an importunate offender.

"Literature? Yes, I read as much as I can, and as to the books on Wagner they have been my constant companions for some time past. And shall I tell you," went on Sieglinde, as she knelt by the hearth to coax an English fire-not one of those stage make-believes of which it only pays to poke a single log-"shall I tellyou how it is I have lived in a Wagner world? is because I have for a master one of the greatest artists living, one who is not only a musician and artist, but a man of wide culture. Into his beautiful art library I am allowed to dip, always to come away full-handed, revelling in its treasures. Mr. Korbay has taught me all I know musically, dramatically, artistically, He goes with me to every stage rehearsal, and all my private preparation is done under his eye. I began to study voice production with him at sixteen."

The interviewer punctuated here with murmurs of satisfaction and a polite wave of the hand.

"Korbay, you know, is a god-child of Liszt, and one of the abbe's most intimate friends. And Korbay has known Wagner.'

'It is the fountainhead," said the interviewer, striving to be poetical.

"Even so. My master used to visit Liszt too in his Italian villa, and they sometimes travelled together.'

"And those are the moments when a man is really himself," mused the interviewer. absolute independence he may at will assume a condition of the most perfect comradeship. How the younger musician must hark back to those days, now that time and tradition have set their seal on those moments of precious intercourse with the older artist, 'gone before.'

We entertain angels unawares, and yet the first enjoyment of such intercourse is unconscious enjoyment."

It was all very metaphysical and nice, but the interviewer had forgotten to muse aloud, and that is why Sieglinde's next remark, from the depths of the opposite sofa cushions, seemed distant and almost irrelevant, though, to be quite just, it was a direct answer to a question which the interviewer's alter ego had put aloud while

"Yes; I have been in England just a year. I have been working all the while quietly, and have been on the Continent a little, including a visit to Paris and a run over to Baireuth and back. Do you know that I have only been three weeks a professional?"

"So far perfectly delightful, crowded with interest. Of course I have worked at Wagner opera for a long time privately. It was rather tiresome having to relearn Sieglinde in English but I managed it all right in three days, and of course every note of the music was familiar. As to the acting, about which I think you were asking just now-

"I didn't," began the interviewer, but the alter ego cut in sharply, "Yes, yes."

"I work up all details, you know, before I go down to the opera-house for rehearsal. I stand at one end of the room and go through my part, and my master at the other, criticising me. You know he has sung in opera himself, and knows what effects are required on a large stage. I fling myself into the part, and imagine myself sometimes to be putting on the light and shade with a heavy hand, while he cries all the while, 'more force, stronger.' A part has to be built up bit by bit, like any other work of art, and it must be constantly studied in relation to the whole and its other parts. Oh, yes. I shall go in almost exclusively for opera now. Singers must make up their minds. It must be the stage or the platform, one or the other. The running about to concerts is very wearing coupled with the other work, which is so different, so physically exact-

ing."
"And what do you think of Elsa in Lohengrin

as a part?

"I like Sieglinde best. Of course there are several other parts I hope to work up beyond the region of grand Wagner opera. Aida appeals to me very much, and then of course there is Marguerite, an altogether lighter conception than Sieglinde. Again, Eva in the Meistersinger, is one of my weaknesses. Some day I should like to sing Brünnhilde, but the part is a heavy strain, and there are strong vocal temptations in it which only an experienced artist can surmount. Such force is required, such abandon, such compass. It would be so easy to strain the voice in sheer excite-

"Especially at the gigantic climax amid the flicker of the funeral pyre against the ruddy sky when she rides up as the towers of Valhalla fall

crashing in the . 'Don't," whispered the alter ego. "You got all that from Kobbé just now. Ask why Sieglinde scaled the Valkyrie's rock on Thursday instead of modestly retiring by her own en-

"It was a good idea, but why did you scale that rock?"

Miss Strong smiled.

" Do you know owing to some little variation on the part of the scene-shifters I was in a terrible fix. My real exit was at the back of the wings, but when I got there there was no possibility whatsoever of getting off because scenery blocked me on all sides. Brünnhilde, who escorts me off, saw the dilemma. 'Come out and go up the rocks,' she whispered breathlessly, and next moment she was singing away down at the footlights, while I scaled the stage boulders with the best grace I could."

"And Baireuth?"

"Ab, that is hardly settled yet. But I hope to help in the Tetralogy next year. The experience of the present season will prove invaluable then."

"Good-bye," said the alter ego after looking at the interviewer's watch and the hostess's tired eyes.

"Good-bye," smiled the lady.

Three weeks a professional, with the current press discussing the new Sieglinde, with an unsigned Baireuth engagement lying on the table, launched under the auspices of a gracious master, leaving the harbour of private life with flying pennons, so Miss Susan Strong fares

Will any flowers be sweeter than those the ribbons held on the first night that she trod the stage?

"'Tel un ruban qu'on mit autour de fleurs écloses, Tient encore le bouquet alors qu'il est fané.

to quote a Chaminade lyric.

And remember in future, you who want to learn more of Miss Strong must ask the interviewer for an article on Frances Korbay, for to know him indeed seems a liberal education as well as a literal explanation of the fine attitude of his graceful pupil to the art of musico-dramatic representation.

Stanzas for Music.

"GHOSTS!"

HEN the firelight flickers and falters And the house grows silent and drear, Down the long corridor Over the dusty floor What are the sounds we hear? Only the winds a-sighing, Only the day a-dying, So we say in our wisest way

But the fair-haired ladies and lassies Will pause in their games of glee, Holding each other fast 'Till they are safe at last Close at their mother's knee. Is it the wind a-sighing? Is it the day a-dying? Wise we are, but we know not why Hearts grow sad when the day-beams die.

For Ghosts are out of fashion to-day.

And yet perchance in every home It were not strange if ghosts should roam, For the merry laugh that is silent now For the blighted hopes and the broken vow, For the happy bride that smiling went, The gladsome child and the grandame bent, One by one when day is done Ghosts from Memory's tomb they come; And this is why, ah! this is why Hearts grow sad when the day-beams die.

FLORENCE HOARE.

During his enforced holiday in Italy, Signor Piatti

has composed a sonata for 'cello, which will probably be heard at the Popular Concerts this season.

Billow's widow has now finished for press the correspondence of the eminent planist from 1841 to 1855, and the work will be published immediately, in two volumes, by Breitkoff & Härtel.

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Pramatic Rotes.

TO the many terrors of our London streets we must now add another-the British policeman. Recent events seem to indicate that in certain thoroughfares it is inadvisable for a respectable person to stand on akerbstone and hail a cab, or wait for an omnibus, unless he wishes to be haled before a magistrate as a "disorderly" character. Last rear such a fate befel a couple of peaceable pressmen connected with two of our leading dailies. A few weeks back an Oxford Professor, of European reputation, was "bound over to be of good behaviour" (!) by a sapient magistrate because he stopped on his homeward journey to inquire the cause of a street row. And now the climax of police stupidity has been reached when a well-known and popular actor-manager is arrested within a few yards of his own residence on a charge of "disorderly" and improper conduct. Mr. Alexander goes to post a letter; near home he is pestered by a wretched half-starved creature, good-naturedly gives her acoin, and goes on his way, only to be prevented from entering his house by a stray constable, who locks him up on the above-mentioned charge. Needless to say the case was dismissed; but there appears to be something very "rotten in the state of Denmark" when a man of unblemished reputation must submit to the indignity of an appearance in a police court before he can prove that a member of "The Force" has lacked the necessary intelligence to discriminate between a peaceable citizen and a disorderly" person. All this by way of prelude to the statement that Mr. Alexander reopened the St. James's two nights after the aforesaid event, with a revival of Mr. Carton's Liberty Hall. Popular opinion on the subject of the occurrence was pretty plainly shown in the thunderclap of applause which greeted Mr. Alexander on his appearance. Such cheering and waving of handkerchiefs (from boxes to gallery) I have never heard or seen in any theatre, and it was some time before the play could proceed. I need hardly go into details on such a well-known theme as Liberty Hall. It was played with a judicious restraint and finish, which I may as well say were not very conspicuous when I chanced to see it played by the same company in a provincial town (where I happened to be staying for a few days) during their recent tour. Within a few days of my writing this, Mr. Alexander will have produced Mr. Edmond's play The Divided Way, which he tested recently at Manchester. Of

Romeo and Juliet still nightly repeat to each other the "old, old story," with all its ancient What is the subtle charm in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's acting which makes us, for the time being, blind to her failings and rapturous over her excellencies? I have seldom seen a more unequal performance than her Juliet. The potion scene jars on one terribly, and in the death scene she is-to put it mildly -singularly unconvincing; but what could be more graceful than her sword dance, or what more powerful than the passion which thrills in her every utterance on the balcony. There, I give it up, and own to being fairly hypnotized out of the critical state of mind by this remarkable actress. The strong features and hard-set mouth of Mr. Forbes Robertson are against his looking a love-sick Romeo; but when that is said, the most adverse critic could find no other flaw. I cannot say that I admired Mr. Coghlan's elephantine conception of Mercutio, but I hasten to add (to square the balance of praise and

blame) that he died according to the best and most approved stage traditions. On the tasteful mounting of the play, and the charming dresses no comments are necessary; enough, that Mr. Forbes Robertson is an artist, and that he was responsible for both. Nor will space permit me to say anything of the remaining characters of the play, save that if no one character stood out as conspicuously excellent, all were conscientiously conceived and acted. There is every prospect of the play running until Christmas. In the interests of "country cousins" let us hope it will do so.

Mr. Pinero has again scored in The Benefit of the Doubt, for which a long run may be safely predicted at the Comedy. He has come down from the pulpit, forsworn the sex question, and given us a play full of living men and women, not one of whom appears to have had a "past worth speaking of. After strongly spiced Mrs. Tanquerays and Mrs. Ebbsmiths, it would apparently have been too abrupt a transition for Mr. Pinero to have given us a purely idyllic drama, so he has very considerately let us down gently in that respect, and obligingly dragged few characters through the divorce court only, however, to show us how innocent they were all the time. The play works out thus wise :-- Young Jack Allingham (Mr. Leonard Boyne) is blessed with an unreasonable and violently jealous wife (Miss Lily Hanbury), who makes life a burden to him. Young Mrs. Fraser (Mrs. Winifred Emery) is tied to an icicle of a Scotchman, "Fraser of Locheen" (Mr. J. G. Grahame), and has a poor time of it matrimonially also. Result-much sympathy, many confidences, and mutual condolences between Allingham and Mrs. Fraser; so much so, that Allingham's wife, Olive, sues for a divorce. The judge comments severely on the indiscreet conduct of Allingham and Theophila Fraser, but gives the latter "the benefit of the doubt," and dismisses the petition. It is at this period that the play opens. In Act I. we have Theophila's many relations assembled at her mother's house discussing the recent trial. They are a somewhat "rapid" family, so the conversation is a little more racy than that which obtains in Sunday schools and Bible classes. Enter Theophila's aunt (Miss Rose Leclerq); wife of the Bishop of St. Olphert's; she is disposed to be somewhat severe on Theophila, but melts when the latter appears, worn and ill, after her two days in court. Fraser puts in an appearance, and there is a splendid scene between husband and wife, when he refuses her request that they shall stay in town and "face it out," and show the groundlessness of the charge against her by their being constantly seen together in public. Maddened by his refusal and the implied doubt in her innocence, she resolves to leave him; encloses her wedding ring with a note to her sister, and departs.

In Act II. (the evening of the same day) we find Jack Allingham in his cottage at Epsom, whither two friends have come to dine with him and "cheer him up" generally, after his recent rough time in the courts. A figure is spied in the shrubbery, and identified by all three as none other than Olive Allingham. She has come to ask Jack's pardon and plead for a reconciliation. The friends are smuggled away, and Olive admitted. In the course of a scene, in which repentance and jealousy have about equal shares in Olive's conversation, Theophila's relatives arrive, led thither by a suggestive phrase at the end of the former's parting letter to her sister. As they do not find Theophila, and are endeavouring to explain their presence, and then take their departure with the best grace they can muster, a letter is brought to Allingham from Theophila herself, asking him to taining as Theophila's slangy sisters, and as

come and see her at a stated spot on a matter of business. Again Olive's suspicions are aroused, but to the astonishment of all, she insists that Allingham shall see Theophila, asking first, however, that the relatives shall leave her (Olive) alone with Allingham for a short time, as she has something important to say to him. This "something" is nothing less than that Allingham shall ask Mrs. Fraser to meet him in his own house, and that Olive shall listen (unknown to Mrs. Fraser) to their conversation in an adjoining room behind a curtain, so that she may be "satisfied" that her jealousy of Mrs. Fraser was unfounded. To this pretty dishonourable proposal Allingham at length reluctantly consents, and eventually Theophila appears. It turns out that she has only come to Allingham as an old friend to borrow £50 to go abroad with, but the poor little woman is so exhausted with the events of the day, that she almost faints, and is only revived by a liberal administration of champagne. Not having tasted food that day, the immediate result of the champagne is that she becomes light-headed, and smarting with a sense of her wrongs, she asks Allingham, in her frenzy, to fly with her. At this point her relatives enter the room and discover her condition; they also discover by accident that Allingham's wife has been an unseen listener to all that has passed, and with this foundation for much future trouble laid, the curtain falls.

Act III. is somewhat of an anti-climax after the two preceding ones, full as they are of strong and telling situations. Briefly stated, everything comes right for everybody except the Allinghams. Theophila's husband sees the error of his frigid ways and wants to make it up with her, but Mrs. Cloys steps in and announces that her husband, the Bishop (Mr. Ernst Cosham), will shortly arrive from St. Olphert's; that they will take Theophila back thither with them; that they will eventually take a house in town, and give many "receptions," etc., at which the guests will be received by "the Bishop of St. Olphert's, Mrs. Cloys, and Mrs. Fraser, of Locheen," and thus is Theophila's poor little character to be whitewashed for a year, after which time Fraser (who is meanwhile to be allowed the privilege of constantly visiting the episcopal residence) may ask his wife to return to him. And so the conscience-stricken Olive Allingham finds that even the atonement she had contemplated (viz. befriending Mrs. Fraser, of whose innocence she is now convinced, and thus regaining for her her place in society) is denied her, and that she and her husband have to face the world together again, convicted of a shamefully mean act, for which they have no shadow of excuse. The remorseful couple are left sitting alone, and the curtain falls as they silently seek each other's hands.

The chief interest in the play naturally centres round Miss Emery's performance as Theophila, which is faultless. That irritating couple, Jack and Olive Allingham, are both admirable, though an aroma, as of the Adelphi, permeates the atmosphere during certain de-clamatory passages of the former. Kind-hearted, stately Mrs. Cloys, is played by Miss Rose Leclercy as no other actress could play it, while Mr. Cyril Maude's Sir Fletcher Portwood is as diverting an old bore as one could wish to -on the stage. Mr. Grahame gives a care: ful, if not very striking representation of the part of Fraser, while Mr. Ernst Cosham gives to the somewhat unnecessary part of the Bishop a certain humorous distinction which shows the practised actor. The Misses Esme Beringer and Eva Williams are vivacious and enter-

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the foolish mother Mrs. Emptage, Miss Henrietta Lindley makes the most of a small part. Messrs. Aubrey Fitzgerald and Stuart Champion are really capital in their respective parts of Claude Emptage and Peter Elphic, while Mr. Edward Ferris looks the part of Denzil Shafto.

I happened to be present at the last performance of The Rise of Dick Halward at the Garrick. I say I was present, but I cannot add that I saw the play. Even a critic will turn, when, after asking the favour (in a poorly filled house) of a transfer from stalls to circle. he finds himself relegated to a seat in the upper boxes, where the O.P. half of the stage is invisible, and an aggressive bonnet in front effectually shuts off the other half. After a few futile attempts to see what was going on, I "strolled around town" for a while, and returned in time to see "Jerumky's" latest masterpiece fizzle out like a damp cracker. There was not a single "call" at the close of the piece. The management have done wisely in putting in The Professor's Love Story in its place.

The Chili Widow still runs gaily at the Royalty. That most unfortunate of theatres seems to be looking up at last. Mr. W. Blakeley, with his Blakeleyisms, is the life of the piece, but the whole company is strong. Miss Violet Vanbrugh might perhaps not lay so heavy a hand on her part, but both she and her sister are, as ever, pretty and interesting. Mr. Bouchier plays the lady-killing baronet in a becoming manner and an unbecoming tie; while Mr. Metcalfe Wood, as his Scotch clerk (Macpherson), is one of the few actors with a decent Scotch accent. From that, I gather that he is not a Scotchman. I invariably hear the worst Scotch on the stage from actors who are born and bred north of the Tweed. Why (when playing Scotch parts) they should make such desperate efforts to "Englify" (may I coin the word?) their native Doric I could never

understand, but there the fact is.

The familiar faces of Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore are again to be seen at the Criterion in The Squire of Dames-an adaptation by Mr. R. C. Carton from Dumas' L'ami des femmes. The company is a strong one, and the plot simply shows how "the Squire of Dames" (Mr. Wyndham) saves Mrs. Dennant (Miss Mary Moore), in spite of herself, from indiscretion, and shows her that she is really in love with the husband from whom she has separated, and whom she believes she hates. Apart from the actors the play is interesting, but I never trouble about plot when I go to see Wyndham; I only go to admire the consummate art of one of our few great actors. I believe I could sit out any play with Wyndham in it, even though the rest of the company were only up to "Britannia" form, and the plot as flimsy as Gentleman Joe.

The season of Trilbymania has set in at three theatres, and at least one music hall, with great severity. Comments thereon next month.

Messrs. Besson & Go.'s Factory.

VERY one connected with the musical profession has heard of the firm of F. Besson & Co., the celebrated brass instrument makers; and certainly every one, whether specially musical or not, has at one time or another heard the instruments made in their factories. With a view to examin-

ing some of the later developments of these instruments I recently visited the manufactory in the Euston Road, and was "shown over" by the head of the enterprising firm. The manner in which the various delicate operations are conducted interested me as much as the operations themselves surprised me. For it seems almost incredible that in the valves of an ordinary small cornet there should be so many as one hundred-and often more-different parts! The various stages which these go through in process of being shaped and welded and riveted into a complete instrument have been so frequently described, that I do not propose to visit my readers with one more infliction of the long rigmarole. Enough to say that a shapeless piece of sheet brass is delivered at the doors of Messrs. Besson's factory; and in the course of a few weeks or months is sent out from those same doors in the form of beautiful cornets, euphoniums, tubas, trombones, and other machines destined for the gratification of the musical appetites of people living in every part of the globe.

After I had seen the various departments in which the cutting, brazing and the numberless etceteras are achieved by an army of workmen, I was shown a number of specimens of the new inventions I had come to see. I had an opportunity of carefully examining an open section of the "New Victory Compensator" valves re-cently patented by Messrs. Besson. It is certainly a wonderful piece of mechanism. There are two and three columns of air, the second for tuning and avoiding the horrible sharpness in the lower register, and the third an ingenious contrivance for transposing. In using the latter you press down a piston and the instrument straightway gives the tune you are playing in the key you want. These new Victory Compensator Transpositor Cornets are now being universally adopted both in the old world and This well-deserved success must be very gratifying to Messrs. Besson-especially in these times when inventions often benefit posterity after the inventor has died in obscurity -as many an existing statue evidences. In musical instruments new departures are scarce, and previous to the invention of the Pedal Contra-Bass Clarionet, by Messrs. Besson two years ago, it is fifty-two years since a new reed instrument was introduced. It is during the last few months only that the Saxophone has leapt into popularity, and this is due to the fact that Messrs. Besson have brought the influence of their experience to bear on them, by simplifying the fingering and generally facilitating its manipulation. These have been adopted by the following regiments: 15th Sikhs; 2nd Suffolk, 2/12; 36th Sikhs; 1st Hants, 37; 1st R. Irish Fus., 87; 13th Bengal; 24th Punjaub; 1st Bat. Buffs; 2nd Dragoon Guards; 2nd Norfolk 2/9; 3rd Burma Inf.; Black Watch, 42; 1st Shropshire, 53; 9th Bengal; 88th Reg.; 1/1 Goorkhas; 21st Hussars; 4th R. R. H.; 1st R.

R. H.; 2nd West Riding.

Mrs. Besson, the sole proprietress of the firm, told me that the Pedal Clarionet of such recent creation had also worked its way very quickly not only into the army but also into our important musical institutions. The Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, has classes to teach the instrument, and it is used with splendid effect in their services at Twickenham, at the church attended by the Royal Family. Some very fine masses have been written by various composers, including "Massenet," in which this invention is heard to great advantage. The conservatoires of Brussels and New York and most of the Continental Academies make use of this wonderful instrument.

"H.R.H. Prince Victor," said Mrs. Besson,

"has presented a pedal clarionet to his regiment, and a number of other regiments are now using them. Amongst these I may mention the 17th Lancers, the 1st King's Royal Rifles."

Messrs. Besson's is the famous "Prototype system," and by the use of the prototypes, which are steel shapes made with great accuracy, they ensure their instruments being all exactly alike The head of the firm informed me that a great deal of trouble and time is expended in perfecting these "prototypes," as the success of the instruments depends on their shape and proportion. After hearing from Madame Bessen of her recent success during her visit to America, I had, for the first time, an opportunity of examining the new Doblophone, an instrument recently put upon the market by Messrs. Besson It is apparently the culmination of all efforts to produce a really double-voiced brass musical organism. It is constructed on the long-famous "Prototype" euphonium model, combining in its short and elegant proportion additional length of tubing of smaller calibre necessary for the formation of a genuine trombone tone. Thus in the Doblophone the performer has at his disposal a veritable "two in one" instrument, insomuch as it possesses the rich baritone voice of the euphonium and the clear ringing tenor voice of the trombone, either of which becomes immediately available by the almost automatic action of a very simple contrivance operated by the thumb. It has lately been delighting the audiences at the Mohawks, and is skilfully manipulated by the celebrated comet player "Phasey." It is also to be heard in the County Council bands. Amongst the many interesting instruments shown me, I was pleased to see one of their new Comophones; its popularity clearly demonstrates that people are awake to inventions of merit.

The Comophone is of sweet and melodious tone, a medium between brass and reed; it ranges from soprano to bass. The tenors are a perfect substitute for the French horn, and are easily learnt, whilst it takes a lifetime to master the fingering, etc., of the French horn. These Comophones are now in general use, and in proof of this we may mention the following regiments that have adopted them during the last six months: 37th Hampshire Regiment; 31st East Surrey; 17th Madras, N. I.; 53rd Oxford L. I.; 32nd Duke of Cornwall; 1st Burmah N. I.; 61st Gloster Regiment; 2nd Dragoon Guards; 14th Bombay; 30th Punjauh, N. I. and Punjauh, N. I. and Punjauh, N. I.

N. I.; 27th Punjaub, N. I.

During my recent visit to the "States," I was glad to see that Messrs. Besson's name was well known. I hear that their new departures in instrument making are already in general use and are being more appreciated daily. In fact an American recently writes of the "Victory Compensator Cornet" mentioned above, that "the performer blows and Besson does the rest. Whether this is true or not I can't say, as I did not "blow"; it is at any rate very pardonable enthusiasm on the part of our "cousin." To resume, I may add that the Comophones are also brought into use with splendid effect in orchestras, and are greatly appreciated also on the Continent. It is with great satisfaction that the musical world looks on the success achieved by these pioneers of instrument makers, who by their ingenious labours have made the task of the performer easy, and enhanced the pleasure of the listener.

Dvorak is not going back to America. His reasons are purely personal.

are purely personal.

Mr. William Heinemann will publish shortly as English edition of Gounod's Memoirs, dealing with the composer's early life—" his childhood, his youth, his struggles, his early successes."

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Vocal Study in Staly.

F the making of books there is no end, and much reading causeth a weariness of the flesh. Even so. And yet I have got through Mr. Francis Walker's "Letters of a Baritone" (London : Heinemann) with a certain degree of pleasure. Somebody else, I believe, has already got through it for these columns. But no matter: I will have my say too. Mr. Walker has the saving merit of never being dull; and in these days you may bear with a good deal from the man who writes a musical book in a style at once lively and picturesque. If you demand of me who Mr. Walker is, what talent or reputation he possesses as a singer, I must ask you to address your inquiry to the wandering winds. I am in the same position with regard to Mr. Walker as Johnson was when he defined a word wrongly in his dictionary, and being asked by some blue-stocking to account for the slip, replied, "Ignorance, madam, ignorance!"
When I have told you that Mr. Walker belongs to New York, and that he has a sister, "a noble oman and a true artist," to whom he dedicates his book, I have told you all I know.

Mr. Walker evidently set out with the intention of being an operatic artist. A reverend friend did not approve of the idea; but the reverend friend was at least generous enough to admit that if the ambitious vocalist did go to hell he would do something to sweeten the place. Mr. Walker did not go to hell: he went to Italy, which to some people, in some respects, would be quite as bad. He had had his voice practically ruined by the quack teachers of the quasi-scientific school in America, and he resolved to undo the damage if the Italian method would serve him for the purpose. The advantages of foreign study he states with sound common sense. As long as Italy is Italy, with her climate, her language, and her traditions, the best will go there and take what she has to give them from these resources. In this, as in any old civilization, the student can have the needful tranquillity for his work, the withdrawal from that feverish existence which is a poison that Londoners imbibe without always knowing it. In Italy, along with serene retirement, one secures a constant inflowing of subtle artistic sympathy which feeds and sustains one with more or less tangibility. Then the climate is certainly in effect something like Silas Wegg's famous pasty—it is "mellerin' to the organ." And again, the use of the Italian language not only in singing, but in conversation, with its simpler, ampler vowels, gives one a freedom of tonal emission not to be learned from English alone. Last of all, there is the Italian school of singing. And if you ask, What is the Italian school of singing? let Mr. Walker answer you. It is, says he, the method of naturalness. It is not lost because in these days of haste so few are found who will submit themselves to its slow, healthy, wise processes. When the fever for experiment shall have spent itself, we shall awaken from its delirium to remember that the students of all the arts have too much to learn by the old ways to waste time trying to invent new ones. What methods made all the old singers so great? Those used by Italian masters from Porpora down to this day. Other nations have added nothing, excepting that the Germans, in leading the science of music to its highest development, have created for singers a higher to study. Note that the franc means about dry music! Mr. Walker tells us that more

standard of general musical education. There is no need for discussing French or German schools of singing; it would be quite as well to speak of Norwegian, Irish, or American methods. As for an English school, Mr. Walker does not so much as mention it; he regards it as non-existent.

Most English-speaking students who go to Italy for voice-training go to Milan. Lamperti is there, and though now very old—he gives lessons in bed !-his name attracts. But the climate of Milan did not suit Mr. Walker, for the town is swept by fierce winds in winter, and in summer is baked and arid. So he chose Florence, and landed there some time in the eighties, when Dr. A. C. Mackenzie was resting in the city of Dante before blazing out into a composer. He knew just what he wanted; he wanted a teacher of the good old sort, who would help him to "place" his voice, and never mind about theories and repertoires, and what not. Mr. Walker has but scant respect for the "voice-builders" who write and talk volubly about their experiments, and who invent machines to teach singing with. Of all people, he would have you beware of the man who demonstrates to you from anatomical charts and from a human larynx pickled in a bottle of spirits, that when you attack the middle C, your arytenoid cartilages must pull a little toward the south-east! None of that nonsense is heard in Italy. Until we can clearly observe all the workings of the throat, and note every cause and effect, it is well to remember that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. What say our eminent London laryngoscopists?

Mr. Walker fixes on a teacher, a certain Signor O. He has heard of him as a great man, but his suspicions are aroused at the first interview. He had thought the Signor would try his voice before agreeing to give him lessons, but the Signor dispensed with that formality. Further, he surprised Mr. Walker by saying that he preferred to see his pupils at their own rooms: it afforded him "needed exercise." Well, the terms were settled—ten francs per lesson of an hour. That, it seems, is the highest price paid in Italy by students going in for the profession; amateurs pay a good deal more. Lessons of an hour are the rule, because it takes an Italian teacher an hour to give a halfhour lesson. Mr. Walker, then, began with Signor O. Let us leave him at his lessons while we see about the costs of living in Italya very important matter for the English student going there. Mr. Walker got a large sitting-room with bedroom adjoining for fifty francs a month. He had a piano which he hired for fifteen francs a month, and he got a tuning done for sixty cents. His landlady furnished him with neither wine, fruit, fuel, nor lights, and he had to go to the market for these himself. It is amusing to read of him buying oatmeal in little packets at the chemists' shops. Wine-a "big bulbous bottle," containing two-and-a-half quarts he bought for about thirty-two cents. speaks of it as "good," but finds a difficulty in understanding how anything so acrid and crude to the taste can be made from such delicious things as grapes. Still, everybody drinks it and nobody gets drunk; and we are asked to conceive how much better it would be to have plenty of such cheap wine at home rather than have teetotal crusades against bad whiskey. Presently Mr. Walker changed his rooms and paid twenty francs a month. He got his breakfasts for fifteen francs a month, and for two good plain meals a day at an excellent restaurant he

92d. of English money, and make your own calculation

Signor O. proved an unsatisfactory teacher. With him it was simply a case of doing some scales and solfeggi, and going over certain songs and operatic arias—getting up a repertoire, in short, when Mr. Walker wanted to get up a voice. The lessons grew shorter and shorter, and there was a constantly decreasing endeavour on the teacher's part to put the voice into proper "pose." And so the Signor had no more francs from Mr. Walker. The new teacher was Signor Cortesi. He was much more particular before deciding about taking the new pupil. "He made a most thorough trial of my voice in many ways," says our author, "and with a great variety of exercises. I sang sustained tones, octave skips, arpeggi, scales in different forms, cadenzas, shakes, recitatives and arias." The Signor said very little all the time, but for forty minutes went on with the trial, and then at the end came this verdict: "Almost everything you do is wrong, and it is impossible to predict now what you will be able to accomplish, but I have a curious feeling that there is something worth working for in your voice, so if you will begin with daily lessons for one month, and will continue them for a second month, and will continue them for a second month in case I think it necessary to do so, I will take you." Terms were arranged and the daily lessons, continued for three months, began. The fee this time was one hundred and fifty francs per month. That amount would have afforded Mr. Walker just five lessons of equal duration in New York; so, saying nothing of the difference in the cost of living, you see one reason why students should go to Italy. Concurrently with his singing lessons, Mr. Walker now took acting lessons from Signor Scheggi, a veteran of eighty. He speaks of the "great joy" it was to see the old gentleman improvise "properties" and personages. He would take up a sofa-cushion and make operatic love to it, or comically envelop his portly form in a striped blanket to show his pupil how a conspiring villain should wear his mantle. As to the results of all Mr. Walker's training, and the detailed course of his vocal tuition, behold is it not written in the book that you may buy! There is something in that ominous "all rights reserved" which forbids me going farther in vour interests.

Still, there are yet one or two things I would like to note. It is cheering to find Mr. Walker hitting out against the tardy farewells of our English singers. "No English singer," says he, "ever really retires." "Farewells" and "last appearances" he or she may have galore! but such is the devotion of the English public to its favourites, that they are almost compelled to go on singing until-well, until their voices are but echoes of their past glories. Mr. Walker is hard upon the gloomy climate of London, which makes the great city comparatively unattractive as a residence for retired foreign artists." But what good can we get from retired artists, except that they pay their share of the rates? Holding, with the Italians, that the voice is the first and finest and most precious of all instru-ments, it is only natural that Mr. Walker should not love Wagner. He does not say that the master of Bayreuth could not write for singers, but that he would not. He wrote exactly what he felt must be said, not what he knew the voice could endure to say. Handel, on the other hand, he looks upon as the very spring-time of song —there is something so perfectly, imperishably vernal about him. But that—the music of Handel—is a realm unknown or unappreciated by the Island of the same is a second of the s

American than English students go to Italy for voice-training. Few English women are to be found there; it is not considered safe and right for an English girl to live in the isolation and independence which is permitted to her more "emancipated" American sister. But there are things to be said on both sides of that question, and even Mr. Walker is constrained to admit that "the so-called 'independence' of our girls over here is often painful to see."

Music in Birmingham.

E are in the midst of a very busy musical season, which began with Messrs. Harrison's first popular Subscription Concert (season 1895-6), and almost daily, musical entertainments of some kind or another are given in this busy centre of the Midlands, without counting the suburbs. It is not my intention to enumerate and to dwell upon the miscellaneous, and in most cases interesting, concerts which of late have multiplied to an alarming extent, but merely to record what is of artistic worth, and may be of interest to your readers. Harrison concerts are established on such a sound basis, and are patronized by the fashionable world, that their success is, as a rule, assured beforehand. Unfortunately, this time a contretemps of vital importance occurred, and the first Harrison concert was shorn of its brilliancy by the unavoidable absence of Madame Adelina Patti, who was unable to appear on account of a laryngeal catarrh, from which she was suffering at the time. Messrs. Harrison at the last moment were able to secure the services of Miss Thudichum to replace the Diva, who was accorded a hearty welcome by the audience. In other respects the concert offered no novelty, and was of the ordinary ballad type relieved by some instrumental music, given by Mr. Frederick Dawson (pianoforte) and the Misses Marianne and Clara Eissler (violin and harp).

Our veteran conductor, Mr. Stockley, received quite an ovation at his first orchestral concert of the season. No doubt your readers are aware that he has severed his connection with the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, whose chorus-master and conductor he has been for upwards of forty years, and has been the means of elevating the standard of our premier Choral Society to what it is at present. He entered this year upon his twenty-third season of orchestral concerts, and provided on this occasion an excellent programme, which included two novelties, namely, a Lamento for full orchestra and a grand Violin Concerto with orchestral accompaniments, both by Mr. B. Hollander, who conducted his own compositions. The Concerto was magnificently played by Mr. Max Mossel, a friend of the composer, who has lately settled here as a professor of the violin, and who is a thorough master of that instrument. The Lamento is of descriptive character, and is intended to represent the "Birth of Man," "Human Love," "Fate," and "Lament." The composer possesses talent, and shows in his orchestral colouring originality of no common order.

The Festival Choral Society gave a very fine performance of Gounod's sacred Trilogy, the Redemption, under their new conductor, Dr. C. Swinnerton Heap, who has succeeded Mr. Stockley. The symphonic orchestral accompaniments, which are the great feature of the oratorio, were splendidly given by our local orchestra. The singing of the chorus was distinguished by admirable precision and volu-

minous tone-quality. Praise must also be accorded to the principals, specially to Mr. Mockbridge and Mr. David Hughes, the two narrators, who by their dramatic fervour made the long recitatives less monotonous than usual.

usuai.

A treat of the highest order, and which we in the provinces but seldom get, was the Richter concert. The great Viennese conductor has not been heard here with his own orchestra since 1886. His programme, with the exception of Tschaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique," was entirely Wagnerian. Mr. Edward Lloyd was the vocalist. The symphony was indeed a revelation to all music-lovers and caused a deep-felt sensation. But what would the symphony be without Richter, and without such a marvellous interpretation! The excerpts from Wagner were: The Flying Dutch-man Overture, the Tannhäuser Overture, the "Charfreitagzauber" music, and the "Trauerfrom Die Götterdämmerung. marsch " would be futile to dwell upon Dr. Richter's reading of Wagner. He seemed to inspire his rank and file to his own level. There is no artist who can sing "The Preislied" from the Meistersinger like Mr. Edward Lloyd. On this occasion he almost surpassed himself, which is saying a great deal.

Monsieur De Greef, the brilliant Belgian pianist, gave a pianoforte recital here which proved a great artistic success. He is an artist of the highest attainments, for whom no technical difficulties exist. His interpretation of the "Etudes Symphoniques," by Schumann, which by the way were given with all the repeats, I am inclined to rank as the finest I have heard from any pianist, from Rubinstein

downwards.

The Musical Matineés given during the autumn season in connection with the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, and which will be continued every Saturday until December 14, have again attracted large audiences. Mr. Oscar Pollack, the musical director, has secured the services of seventy artists for these matinées.

The first concert, given by Mr. H. W. Stratton, was well attended, and his debut may be considered as a success. He appeared in a dual capacity as pianist and bassoonist. The principal items of the programme consisted of Beethoven's beautiful Septet op. 20, and Goetz's Quintet for strings and piano.

Our various amateur choral societies—the Midland Musical Society, the Birmingham Choral Union, and the Choral and Orchestral Society—are doing good services by their popular concerts for the artisan classes, which are generally given on Saturday evenings in our Town Hall.

Music in Exeter.

N my last notes I referred briefly to the great loss local musical circles had sustained in the death of Mr. Thomas Squance Guest, who, both as composer and musical instrument dealer, had been identified with Exeter for some forty years. But as the deceased was also well known in more distant circles, a short biographical reference may be of interest. He was in early years associated with the late M. Alexandre, whose praises he never wearied in singing. My knowledge of him in this connection came about in this way. I had been personally acquainted with him for some years, but knew nothing of this incident in his career till a few years ago when I asked him to call at my house and look at a harmonium which was a little out

of order. On entering the drawing-room and catching sight of the instrument his eyes lit up in quite a remarkable way, and he was at the harmonium in a moment. I could get nothing out of him for the next five minutes or so; then his first exclamation was, "Ah! that's a beauty!" Noting my puzzled look, he then Noting my puzzled look, he then broke out into an enthusiastic narrative of his connection with M. Alexandre in instrument making, what was the peculiar difference be-tween this and other makes, and so on. The incident was a most interesting one, and I have often reflected on the curious manner in which it came about. After this we had many talks on the same subject, and they were always marked with the same enthusiasm-almos devotion, his anecdotes never approaching the wearisome. As a musician, Mr. Guest was at home on most instruments, and has left many sacred compositions which will endure. As a man, he was most bonourable and upright in all his dealings-one whom it was most pleasant to know.

The annual meeting of the Exeter Branch of the Western Counties Musical Association has just been held under the presidency of Canon Edmonds, and, generally speaking, it was a satisfactory one. The report congratulated the members on the work accomplished and spoke hopefully as to future prospects. Numerically and financially the condition of the branch was satisfactory, but an accession of gentlemen's voices, more especially in the tenor division, would be welcomed by the conductor. It was lamented that owing to unfavourable weather the Association sustained a loss of £70 on the open-air band concerts in July in aid of the funds, thus bringing the total deficiency up to £157. The Council desired to remove this burden, and were taking steps with that view. After voting nearly £20 to the general fund the branch still had a satisfactory balance in hand. The programme presented at last year's festival concerts proved specially attractive, and the Association had reason to be proud of the success then achieved. It was a matter for congratulation that these concerts paid their expenses. No less than thirty members of the Exeter branch were absent from the Festival concerts, and the Council hoped this would be obviated in future. The committee congratulated the Council and branch conductors upon their final decision to perform Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, the Messe Solennelle (Gounod) and Lloyd's Hero and Leander at the next Festival. The cordial thanks of the branch were accorded to the hon. conductor (Mr. D. J. Wood, Mus. Bac.), and gratification was expressed at the appointment of Mr. Ferris Tozer as assistant hon. conductor, and he was congratulated on taking his degree as Doctor of Music at the University of Oxford. The efficient services of Miss Mare as hon. accompanist to the branch were also recognised. Thanks were also tendered to the other honorary officers, and one of them (Mr. F. T. Depree) congratulated on being selected for the high office of sheriff of the city. The report was adopted and the officials re-elected

Much satisfaction is felt in the city at the fact that Mr. Ferris Tozer has obtained the degree of Doctor of Music at the University of Oxford. There are suggestions that there should be some sort of recognition of the fact, and one idea broached is that of a conversazione to be given by musical people of the city in his honour. This seems to be a very good suggestion and one which might well be taken up. Mr. Tozer has already given us some good works. It is hoped he will be stimulated to further success in the same direction, and that he will have a prosperous career. W. C

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Berlin Musical Rooth Spile Cohire

THE Symphonie Concerts directed by Felix Weingärtner are becoming more and more popular; nearly all the seats are sold beforehand for the whole series, and even tickets for the public rehearsal must be bought days in advance. This must be very encouraging to Weingärtner, who evidently throws all his energy—and he has not a little—into making the concerts a success. It is quite sociable to attend these concerts, for, as every one occupies the same seat throughout the whole series, one is surrounded by familiar faces, and those in neighbouring seats exchange little courtesies without being otherwise acquainted. The second concert took place October 18 in Kroll's Theatre, and the programme was as follows :-- Overture, Genoveva, Schumann; D minor Symphony, op. 21, Christian Sinding; Egmont Overture, Beethoven; and Haydn's Military Symphony. Sinding's Symphony was given for the first time, and met with a very favourable reception, the composer being called out at the completion of every movement. Egmont was played with all Weingärtner's usual grandeur and energy; but the Military Symphony he conducted with more delicacy than is customary with him; in fact, he seems to strive for grand sonorous effects as much as Nikisch appears to delight in light, beautiful dreamy ones

The second Philharmonic concert took place October 28, with Raimund von zur Mühlen (tenor) as soloist. He sang Walther's "Werbegesang" and "Preislied" from the Meistersinger splendidly, with orchestral accompaniment; but his greatest success was in "Die Allmacht" (Schubert), and here he sang with an understanding and feeling for the meaning and beauty of the text as well as technical mastery of his voice which is rare in tenors, and, in fact, singers of every description. A Praeludium, Adagio, and Gavotte by J. S. Bach, arranged for strings, received a wonderful interpretation, and so delighted the audience that it was necessary to repeat the gavotte. Brahms' Second Symphony in D major ended the programme; and Arthur Nikisch seemed quite at home in the music of Brahms, which is not so much a series of musical effects as the flowing expression of thoughts, feelings, and life experiences.

At the third concert, November 11, nothing exceptional could be remarked in the orchestral numbers outside of the Beethoven C minor Symphony, which he directed with much delicacy and refinement, and a noticeable lack of the harsh accentuated rhythm which characterizes the interpretation of Beethoven by so many conductors. Some parts were played so very softly that one was rather let imagine than hear all the notes of the well-known harmonies. Willy Burmester was the soloist, and played Raff's violin concerto No. 2 in his virtuoso style, which makes one admire him for the amount of work he must have done to bring his technique to such a point of excellence, and to pity his lack of sympathy and feeling. Of course the solo is not a very thankful one, and Burmester may have been nervous; but it seemed to me that he played exceptionally woodenly, and I could think of nothing but his perfect mechanical method of practice-adagio

Josef Hoffman, D'Albert, and others of the same stamp. Of course for Hoffman there is excuse, as he is yet very young; and for the Berlin audiences, because they hear so many performances that are not technically perfect.

Elsa Ruegger, a thirteen-year-old 'cello virtuosin ('celliste) from Brussels, gave two concerts in Bechstein Saal within the last month. In the first concert the young artist filled out the entire programme herself, playing the Sindner Concerto, Kol Niedrei by Max Bruch, and other smaller pieces. She has a good tone-sweet and sympathetic-and technique far in advance of her years, and her expression, phrasing, and conception are all good. These merits, combined with a sweet yet dignified presence, made the audience, composed mostly of 'cellists, applaud heartily. C. W. R.

Music in Glasgow.

NDER the auspices of Messrs. Paterson, Son & Co., we had our annual visit on October 24 from Dr. Richter and his London orchestra, Mr. Lloyd being vocalist. The turn-out of local enthusiasts was not up to what the reputation of the party warranted. The principal items in the programme were the new Symphony, by Tschaikowsky, heard here for the first time; it had a splendid interpretation. The Flying Dutchman and Tannhäuser Overtures were also given. Mr. Lloyd sang Siegmund's song from Walküre, and was encored, but did not respond.

Under the same management, we had the Albani party on Thursday, October 31; they also suffered to some extent in the only moderate attendance; still the concert was of great excellence. Madame Albani contributed two songs by "Herold," and the Prayer from Tannhäuser, and was encored on each appearance. The other artists, Miss Aimée Lodore, Mr. N. Salmond, and Messrs. Johannes Wolff (violin), Hollman ('cello), and Pugno (piano), all had a gratifying reception.

The first concert of the Choral Orchestral Scheme took place Tuesday evening, November 5, in St. Andrew's Hall, the programme being entirely Mendelssohnian, viz., first part of St Paul, motett, "Hear my Prayer" and the 42nd Psalm, "As the hart pants." Miss Macintyre was soprano soloist, and sang divinely. Miss Fyffe, and Messrs. Grover and Price also acquitted themselves well and to the satisfaction of a moderately large audience. The accompaniments were played by the Scottish Orchestra, and Mr. Joseph Bradley, conductor, is to be congratulated on the initial appearance of the Choral Union.

The Glasgow Society of Musicians gave a reception and dinner in the Windsor Hotel on November 6 to Mr. William Kes, of Amsterdam, who succeeds Mr. Henschel as conductor of the Scottish Orchestra. Ladies were invited, and there was a large and influential gathering to welcome the new chief, who made his debat here on Tuesday, the 12th, at the first classical concert of the series. There was nothing of great importance or of an exacting nature in the programme. Beethoven's No. 7 Symphony got a good rendering, though not exactly on the same lines as Manns or Henschel, which served to show that he has some individuality.

Other items-Brahms' Academic Overture and Berlioz' Scherzo from Romeo and Juliet,and double forte, and this air seemed to pervade his whole playing. He had a good reception: in fact, this style pleases a Berlin audience, as is evidenced by the favour in which they hold was a good audience, and the general impression seemed to be that Mr. Kes will keep the con-certs up to the high standard of his predecessors once he and his men get into proper fellowship.

The new pitch has been adopted by this band, and many of the players have new instruments,

for which allowance requires to be made.

Mr. and Mrs. Durward Lely are giving recitals of Scottish Song and Story through the provinces.

Drof. Herkomer, R.A.

(One of the Adjudicators in Art Section),

and the Eisteddfod.

WHAT HE THINKS OF THE WELSH FESTIVAL

AM greatly impressed by the Eisteddfod," said the famous artist recently to a representative of the Swansea Post. "The people of England have no idea of the seriousness of this huge educational machinery. I have spoken to many audiences from time to time, but never met such a one as this. I may be imaginative, but I am also practical, and when I see a good opening I make for it. The Welsh people have in the Eisteddfod an immense power for good. Apply its power in earnest to art, and there is no reason why you should not do in that department of human effort what you have already done in singing."

"And you think well of the Eisteddfod?"

"I am charmed-positively charmed with it. Why, do you know, I am coming to every one in the future. Use it well, and it will serve you well."

"Lack of opportunity has been the chief factor in keeping Wales out of the applied arts, but do you think the want of staying power which Matthew Arnold described as the chief defect of the Celtic character, is a contributory cause? Is it a likely obstacle to the future pro-

gress of the Welsh in art?"

"I do not," replied the professor. "Sustained effort is not necessary in art. That is to say, I do not, for example, work for a long time without pause. I do a little and desist, and come again. Of course I am not now speaking of that great reserve power which lies behind every really great effort."

"You bring a message of hope to Wales."
"Do I? Then I wish I could bring something more, for I owe a debt to the country which gave me my dear wife. If I can be of any use to it in developing the talent which is now being hidden away, command me. This Eisteddfod is a revelation to me. Most people outside Wales regard it as a relic and-affectation. They do not perceive its immense possibilities. To-day's experience has enlightened

MISS MAUDE RIHLL, who gave a pianoforte recital in St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, November 12, is an ex-Thalberg Scholar at the Royal Academy of Music, and was a pupil of Mr. Tobias Matthay and afterwards of Herr Leschetizky. She is an executant of more than average ability, her rendering of Schu-mann's *Papillons* and pieces by Chopin showing not only sound technique, but considerable artistic feeling. Three pieces by Mr. Matthay, played for the first time, may be warmly commended for freshness and musicianly writing.

The Organ Oworld. ->->

PHE Bath Abbey instrument is now in its place, and was opened by Sir W. Parratt in October. Messrs. Norman Bros. & Beard are to be congratulated on an excellent piece

Specification: of work. CHOIR GREAT. Open Diapason Flûte à Cheminée Double open Diapason 16 Open Diapason (1)
Open Diapason (2)
Hohl Flöte
Rohr Flöte
Harmonic Flute Gamba ... Dulciana Flauto Traverso Geigen Principal Fifteenth
Sharp Mixture, 2 ranks.
Full Mixture, 3 ranks. SOLO. Concert Flute ... Viole d'Orchestre Double Trumpet *Harmonic Flute

*Vox Humana ...

*Orchestral Oboe

Clarious SWELL *** Tuba Mirabilis Open Diapason Stopped Diapason Salicional ... Open Diapason Sancional Lieblich Gedacht Voix Célestes ... Principal ... Lieblich Flöte Bourdon Principal Fifteenth Mixture, 4 ranks. Contra Fagotto Bass Flute 12th and 15th Trom-... 8 Cornopean * In Separate Swell Box. COUPLERS.

Great to Pedal. Swell to Pedal. Choir to Pedal. Solo to Pedal. Swell to Great.

CRS.
Choir to Great.
Solo to Great.
Swell to Choir.
Swell Suboctave.
Swell Superoctave.

ACCESSORIES.

Tremulant to Solo.
6 Composition Pedals.
18 Pieumatic Pistons.
Compass of Manuals, CC to A, 58 notes.
Compass of Pedals, CCC to F, 30 notes.

I don't think I have previously noticed the fine organ which Messrs. Walker have erected in St. Matthew's, Northampton, and which Dr. Martin, of St. Paul's, "opened" a couple of months ago. The drawstop action is electro-pneumatic throughout, and numerous well-arranged switches and pistons render the work of registration delightfully easy.

numerous wer registration delig	htfully easy.
GREAT. Double Open Diapason 16 Open Diapason 8 Open Diapason 8 Open Diapason 8 Open Diapason 8 Wald Flöte 4 Principal 4 Principal 2 Fifteenth 2 Mixture, 3 ranks. Double Trumpet 16 Trumpet 8 Clarion 16 (closed Bass.) Open Diapason 8 Violin 8 Stopped Diapason 8 Echo Gamba 8 Echo Gamba 8 Fincipal 8 Fifteenth 8 Fifteenth 9 Fifteenth 16 Fifteent	htfully easy. SWELL (continued) — Ft. Vox Humana 8 Clarion 8 Clarion 4 Tremulant. CHOIR. Lieblich Bourdon 16 Gamba 8 Dulciana 8 Lieblich Flote 4 Dulciana Principal 4 Harmonic Gemshorn 2 SOLO. Harmonic Flute 8 Harmonic Flute 8 Harmonic Flute 8 Clarionet 8 Tremulant. PEDAL. Double open Diapason 16 Violone 8 Flute 16 Bourdon 16 Principal 8 Flute 8 Trombone 16
Oboe 8	1 Trombone
COL	JPLERS.
Great to Pedal. Swell to Pedal. Choir to Pedal. Solo to Pedal.	Swell Suboctave. Swell Superoctave. Solo to Great. Choir to Great. Pedal to Great Pistons.

Swell to Great. Swell to Choir. ACCESSORIES. nation Pedals:-4 to Pedal. 4 to Swell in addition to

nbination Pistons:—5 to Great. 5 to Swell. 4 to Solo.
mpass of Manuals, CC to C, 61 notes.

ss of Pedals, CCC to F; 30 notes.

We have had a recent boom in bam-Evolution or Revolution? boo bicycles and bamboo drawing-room knicknacks, but the latest use to which this long suffering plant appears to have been put is organ-pipe making. We are told that at the Jesuits' Church in Shanghai a bamboo organ has been built, " which surpasses organs of metal," and whose tone is "beau tifully soft and pleasant to the ear." It is a far cry to Shanghai, so I won't venture to express any opin contrary to the above, though in my inmost soul I should fancy such "beautiful and soft tones" would after a time cloy somewhat on the ear. The Jesuit Fathers are an estimable body, but as a body they have never shone in music or art like their Dominican or Benedictine brethren; hence any opinion of theirs as to what constitutes "beautiful and soft tones" must be accepted with some reserve.

The "Shrubsole" drivel having Our maiden aunt. Ceased, our dear old Aunty is opening her columns to a discussion as so the "authority" for the ascriptions commonly sung before and after the Gospel. There are eight letters on the subject, all very learned on ecclesiastical affairs from Chrysostom to Benson, and the sum total of their discoveries is, that in the English Prayer Book there is no "authority." But the comical part of it all is yet to come. I pointed out last month that "Gratia somewhat extraordinary attempt at was a Latinity, especially if intended to repres be to Thee, O Lord"; nevertheless, out of eight letters, this absurd blunder is repeated four times, all heard of the negro preacher who "gave himself away" by a denunciation of chicken stealing, while the leg of a fowl gently protruded from beneath his vest. In like manner, people who pretend to have been searching into old Latin missals, and yet make ludicrous mistakes, proving that they lack the most elementary acquaintance with the language, ought to be told out of charity that 'twere best to pause awhile, before rushing into print and "giving themselves away" in such wholesal e tashion.

I have heard little of the doings of Guild of Organists. this Society for several months. I notice, however, the Archbishop of York and a batch of eight other bishops have consented to become patrons of the Guild. Many patrons are good, Mr. Townend, doubtless, but new members are better.

I am knee deep in the preparation of my Christmas music, and as I pre-With the season's greetings. sume most of my fellow "organ men are in a similarly parlous state, I will not weary mymuch "scribing" this month. our labours result in many excellent renderings of excellent music; may no favourite chorister vex our souls by participation in the orgies of midnight carol-singing, -turning up on Christmas morning, limp and voiceless! May the choirboy lay no finger on succulent mince pie, or other indigestible, until the services for the day are over! and finally, that the coming Christmas may prove "merry" indeed to us all is JUBAL (Junior). the wish of

On November 19th, in connection with Jesmond Baptist Mutual Improvement Society, a lecture, entitled "A Night with Haydn," was delivered by Mr. John A. Rowell, A.R.C.O., organist of the church. The lecture was very much enjoyed, as also were the vocal efforts of Miss Surtees, Mr. Rowell,

A Bechstein boudoir grand, in ordinary blackwood and the choir. case, six years old, was sold on the 30th October, at an auction sale of Messrs. G. W. Brunsdon & Co., for the sum of 105 guineas. Considering that the list price of this instrument, new, is only 110 guineas, it clearly exemplifies the popularity of the instrument, and the appreciation of the public.

no Music in Rorth Staffordohire.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

HOULD any human being have the misfor tune to visit the dreary, desolate, smoke-begrimed excrescence of brick and mortar more familiarly known as the Potteries, he or she will no doubt be astonished to find that in such a district there is always the best of music to be -not the music usual at benefit concerts and smoking entertainments, but music such as awaken the soul and rouse all that is noble in the human breast. Such concerts of the latter class have of late been given frequently, and it is well to know that they have proved unprecedented successes from both musical and financial points of view. In the early part of last month the second Meakin popular concert of the season was given in the Victoria Hall, Hanley, when the audience was treated to a first-class e, which was as follows :-

programme, which	h was as follows:	Hat 1 - 1 Dallot
		Ed St. Quentin.
Song, "The Te	mpest " I.	es.
Song, "The old	sundial"	
Song, "Saved I	by a child" Mr. Charles Chilley. Titania" Miss Esther Palliser	A. Thomas.
Pianoforte Solo	io," op. 16, No 2	Mendelssohn.
Song. "The p	romise of the King"	O. Verne.
	Mr. D. Ffrangeon Da ys together" Miss Meredyth Elli	Bu. D. C
P. Course of the	PART II.	
e a st A ci	by the sea "	Oth many and

Song, "A city by the sea" ... Mr. Charles Chilley. Song { a. "Shepherd's cradle song " } A. Somerville b. "The birds have told" ... | S. Palliser. Miss Esther Palliser. "Nocturne"... Pianoforte Solo, (a. "Nocturne" ...
b. "Gavotte" ...
c. "Capricietto" Dreyschock. Herr Felix Dreyschock. M. Wellings. Song, "As time glides on" ...
Miss M. Elliott. L. Roland Song, { a. "Daphne's love" ... b. "Home by the sea" ... M. Watson. Mr. D. Ffrangcon-Davies. G. M. Lane. Song, "Carmencita" Miss Esther Palliser.

Mr. C. Chilley.

Song, "Love's sentinel"

Quartette, "Un di si ben" ... By the company. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies opened the concert by giving "The Tempest." The fine artist made Sto Gray's striking poem full of emotion by the force a colour of his interpretation of the grand song. He was vociferously encored, and sang the charming cavatina "Largo al Factotum," from Rossini's # Barbiere. Mr. Davies' next item was one of the grandest effects of the evening. His voice, as he poured forth the music of the beautiful song, "The poured forth the music of the Deauthul song, and promise of the king" (Oscar Verne), seemed to penetrate to the very soul of the listener. Scarcely, if at all, less effective was his rendering of "Daphne's love" and "The home by the sea," which given in a manner bordering on perfection. As an encore Mr. Davies gave "Father O'Flynn." Miss Elliott was in excellent voice, and sang her numbers admirably. Her first effort was "The old sundial," by Gerald M. Lane, and in this she sang with a fulness of tone and clearness of enunciation which were very acceptable, combined as they were with marked very acceptable, combined as they were with marker, ease of style. In response to a well-merited encore, she gave an amusing ballad, this being followed by St. Quentin's lovely song, "Always together," which Miss Elliott sang with such spirit and pathos as the

sympath cradle s and it heard i charmin Palliser rye." vho sh "Save "Love ing of "Mar ing ha well. efforts best o Hall. " Bo Awa ventu Mr.

A. S. Gatty.

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air demanded. This gained another encore, which was responded to with the "The gift." "As time glides on," however, was one of the artist's success of the evening, and again she was recalled and sang the universal favourite, "An old garden," with equal success. Miss Esther Palliser, a favourite to Pottery audiences, entranced her hearers by rendering several popular songs, the remarkable flexibility and dulcet e of her voice, and the crisp freshness, the wavy delicacy, and the perfect technique of her execution leaving no doubt of the artist's right to be classed ongst our first ballad singers of to-day. Miss Palliser first gave the ever-charming aria by Ambroise Thomas, "Je suis Titania," and sang with a delicacy and grace of treatment that showed her wonderful control over her voice and its rich purity to the full. Her trilling and phrasing were perfe ect, and, needless to say, she was recalled with great persistence, and sang the pretty little piece, "What do the fairies do?" Later, Miss Palliser demonstrated how beautifully sympathetic is her voice by giving "The shepherd's cradle song,"-a lullaby. The air is sweetness itself, and it was sweetly sung. The great soprano then gave "The birds have told," and her rendering heard in the magnificent song "Carmencita" was charming. Another encore followed, and then Miss Palliser gave the simple rhyme, "Comin' thro' the Mr. Charles Chilley was the tenor vocalist who shone out during the evening. His efforts were "Saved by a child," "A city by the sea," and "Love's sentinel." The last-named perhaps was his best song, and as an encore he gave a tasteful rendering of an exquisite ballad by T. Richardson, entitled "Mary." The concert would indeed have been lacking had Herr Felix Dreyschock not accompanied so well. He is a pianist of no mean order, and his efforts given during the evening were some of the best of the items.

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The Monday following Mr. Josef Cantor's ompany delighted a crowded house at the Victoria Hall. The programme was as follows:—Overture, "Bohemian Girl," the orchestra; "Merry Boys, Away" (Bishop), chorus; quartette, "Strange Adventure" (Sullivan), Miss Brassey, Miss Whittaker, Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Moir; "Monarch Supreme'," Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Moir; "Monarch Supreme," (Balfe), Mr. E. Batty and chorus; "A Maid of Fifteen Years" (Sullivan), Miss Whittaker; "The Bachelor's Life" (Benedict), Mr. B. Roberts; "Bel Raggio" (Rossini), Madame Laura Smart; "From Rock to Rock" (Sullivan), Mr. Cantor; "The Miserere Scene" (Verdi), Madame Smart and Mr. Roberts; "Buon' Giorno" (The Gondeliers), chorus; Polystetical ditte. plantation ditty, "The Darkie's Dance" (Gatty), quartette; Vulcan's song from Philemon and Baucis, (Gounod), Mr. J. Wilkinson; "Killarney" (Baife), Madame Smart; "The Toreador" (Bizet), Mr. E. Batty; "London Tower" (Sullivan); "Major-General Bang" (Soloman), Mr. Cantor.

Madame Laura Smart was in excellent voice, and sang throughout with much tenderness and pathos, while Miss Whittaker was alike in splendid form.

On October 15 Madame Albani and company appeared at the Victoria Hall, Hanley. The vast hall was crowded in spite of the unpropitious state of the weather. The programme was as under:-

Trio, Violin, Violoncello, & Pianoforte

MM. Wolff, Hollman, and Pugno.

Hungarian songs

(a. "Mohacs s Field")

(b. "Shepherd see thy")

M. Worse, Solvent Solvent

Mr. Norman Salmond.

Solo Violon- ("Cantilene et finale,")

cello ... (A minor Concerto)

Goltermann.

Mons. Hollman.

Air {"My heart is yeary" } Goring Thomas.

(Nadeshda)

Miss Clara Butt.

(Violin Obligato, Mons. Wolff.) Solo Pianoforte ... "Grande Polonaise" ... Chopin.

Mons. Raoul Pugno.

Cavatina ... "Ah, fors é lui " (Traviata) ... Verdi.

Madame Albani.

Solos, Violoncello {a. "Romance"}
b. "Tarantella"} Hollman.

Mons, Hollman. Air ... "Angels ever bright and fair" ... Handel.
Madame Albani.

Solos, Violin {a. "Adagio Religioso" Vieuxtemps b. Valse ... Wieniawski. o. Valse ... Wieniawski. Mons. Johannes Wolff.

Vocal Waltz 3 " Nella Calma" (Romeo & Juliet) Gounod.

Madame Albani. Song ... "Oh, for a day of Spring" ... Leo Stern.
Miss Clara Butt.

Solos, Pianoforte b. "Serenade à la Lune" Pugon c. "Rhapsodie" ... Liszt "Gavotte in G"... Handel.

The lovely and peacefully beautiful and melodious ssages of the opening of the trio was as perfect an interpretation as one could expect, whilst the stormy part of the trio was given with great power and brilliancy. Norman Salmond, the first vocalist to make his bow to the audience, gave realistic renderings of his items which were brightened by the skill of the accompanist, Mr. Lane Wilson. Madame Albani had a most encouraging reception, and sang Verdi's cavatina in a most charming style. Of course an encore was inevitable, and the great artist responded with the Irish air, "The meeting of the

and part of the concert was commenced by Mons. Hollmann playing two of his own pieces in a manner admirably calculated to show their distinctive merits. They are both charming pieces, and were much appreciated by a critical audience. Madame albanl, of course, sang with consummate art Handel's air, and very readily responded to the tremendous cheering which greeted its conclusion, her exquisite voice being again heard in "O luce di quest anima," from Donizetti's opera, Linda di Chamouni. The violinist chose two pieces of very divergent characteristics, delightful tone and refinement being exhibited in the selection from Vieuxtemps, and exquisite finish and delicacy in the valse. Responding to an encore, the artist played, with the utmost delicacy, the Serenade of Tierné. Blumenthal's love song was really admirably sung by Mr. Salmond, who also sang the fine Jacobin song with which the name of Santley is so closely identified, "Here's a health unto his Majesty." An encore was demanded, and responded to. Leo Stern is fortunate in having an artist like Miss Butt to render his song Her version of "Oh! for a day of Spring" lightful in every sense, exhibiting to the full her rich voice and method, and the singer at its close received an ovation. The recognised interest evoked by contributing "Love's old sweet song," which brought with it another ovation, and a third song. Madame Albani followed immediately with the vocal waltzwhich she also sang on her former visit—and, it is needless to say, scored another triumph. The selections on the piano by Mons. Pugno were beyond criticism. The concert was a great success.

A. Lingitt.

The Academies.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

RELIMINARY examinations for seventeer RELIMINARY examinations for seventeen open free scholarships will be held on February 5, 1896, in various local centres throughout the United Kingdom. The Final Competition will take place in London on or about February 29. In all there are seventeen scholarships: one for Composition, to be competed for by candidates of either sex between thirteen and twenty-one years of age; three for Pianoforte, for males between thirteen and nineteen; two for Organ, for males between thirteen and nineteen, and females between thirteen and twenty; five for Violin and February 5, 1896, in various local centres throughout the United Kingdom. The Final Competition will take place in London on or about February 20. In all there are seventeen scholarships: one for Composition, to be competed for by candidates of either sex between thirteen and twenty-one years of age; three for Pianoforte, for males between thirteen and eighteen, and females between thirteen and nineteen; two for Organ, for males between thirteen and nineteen, and females between thirteen and nineteen, and females between thirteen and twenty; five for Violin and other Stringed Instruments, for either sex between thirteen and eighteen; four for Wind Instruments, for males between seventeen and twenty-seven; two for Singing, for males between eighteen and twenty-four, and for females between seventeen and twenty-f

Song "Across the far blue hills, Marie" Blumenthal. two. Applications for the above must be sent in to the Secretary on or before January 8, 1896. The scholarships are of approximate value of £40 a year, and are, as a rule, tenable for a period of three years.

A Chamber Concert will be given at the College

on December 4, and an Orchestral Concert on December 9, both of which will commence at 7.45 p.m.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

From the present time until April, 1896, scholar-ships may be competed for in plenty at the Royal Academy. The first is the Lady Jenkinson's Thal-berg Scholarship, which is open to male pianists between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one years. It entitles the successful competitors to two years' in-struction at the Academy. The Literary Examina-tion will be held at the Academy on December 17. The Competition will take place on December 19.

The last day for receiving entries is December 19.

The Macfarren Scholarship, which entitles the successful candidate to three years' free tuition at the Academy, will be competed for on January 8, 1896.

The Literary Examination will be held on January 6.

Application should be made before December 16,

The Goring Thomas Scholarship for Lyrical Com-position will be competed for on January 27, 1896. The Composition, with a declaration that it is the candidate's own unaided work, must be sent in before January 16. The winner of the scholarship will be entitled to the same tuition as the preceding.

The successful competitor for the Parepa-Rosa Scholarship will be entitled to two years' free instruction at the Academy. The competition will take place at the Academy on April 29, 1896. The

last day for receiving entries is April 13.

The Sterndale Bennett Scholarship will be cometed for on April 29, 1896. The Literary Examin tion will be held on April 27. The successful candidate is entitled to two years' free tuition in the Academy. Last day for receiving entries, April 20,

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

An operatic performance was given on the after-noon of November 15 by the students in the Dramatic Class of the above Academy, under the direction of Madame Heritte-Viardot. Act II., Scene I., of Der. Freischütz, by Weber, was first given, in which the dramatis persona were Miss Mabel Calkin, who took the part of "Agatha"; Miss Edith Serpell, who ented "Anne"; and Mr. Gilbert Denis, who for the time being assumed the name of "Max."
Then followed Act II., Scene II., of Verdi's Opera, Il Trevatore, in which the part of "Agucena" was taken by Miss Ada Wray, and "Mairrico" by Mr. Gilbert Denia. Very little need be said except the way in which the respective parts were performed can do no other than reflect credit on the institution that can produce such specimens, far in advance of the average student, as were brought before public observation on this occasion. The oreflestra, which was conducted by Mr. A. Pollitzer, appeared to be at its best, for the overture to Der Freischütz, and mine Noir, an overture by Auber, which played in the interval between the two operas, left very little to be desired. After the performance, the presentation of diplomas and medals to candidates who passed successfully through the examinations for non-students of the Academy, which were held in July last, and of whom we give a list below.

Bronze Medalists .- Misses Alice Isabel Blake,

Richmond, May Shepheard, Margaret Smorthwaite, Isabel M. Vidal.

Gold Medalists .- Mrs. Kate Hull and Miss Flora Margherita Morelli.

PIANISTS.

Bronze Medalists .- Misses Ethel Augusta Biggs Eliza Jessie Bonallack, Grace Brabrook, Maud H. Burrell, Florence Byrne, Muriel Denniston, F. Maude Dixon, Florence Maybank Evans, Katharine M. Harrison, Nellie Harrison, Ethel Hoit, Eva Hassell Homagee, Lilian Florence St. Clair Hutton, Maude A. Latham, Adeline Estul Lewis, Lucy A. Mathias, E. Mabel Mayne, Gertrude Rayment, Maud Beatrice Reed, Christine Francis Trail Robertson, Florence Marian Sackett, Selina Shield, Lilian Ger trude Smith, Adeline E. Snell, Florence L. Stevens, Maud Summers, Edith Mary Turrall, Grace Uwins Mabel Vaughan, Florence Margaret Wilkinson, Ethel Williams, Winifred Williams, and Ethel May Wood

Silver Medalists. - Misses Gertrude Baker, Edith M. Bennett, Mabel Sophia Brandon, Annie Beatrice Cartland, Mary St. A. Coldwell, Clara A. S. Elmslie, Daisy Hawes, Ellen Higgs, Gertrude Howard, Madeline Jacobi, Florence Edith Matcham, Margaret Millar, Beatrice Kate Poirin, Margaret M. Pretty, Mary E. Sheldon-Smith, Nellie Maud Twyman, Augusta Mary Walker, Edith Walton, Daisy Watts,

Jessie Williams, and Amy Woods.

Gold Medalists.—Miss Edith Ward Coombe, and Mrs. Eleanor Sophia Halkett.

VIOLINISTS.

Bronze Medalists .- Misses Hylda Janet Bruce-Payne, Edith Garnham, Ethel Goldie, Edith L. Mabel Taman, Daisy Thring, and Mr. William T. Ward.

Silver Medalists .- Misses Gertrude Baker, Elaine Griffin, Emily Mann, and Evelyn Tyser.

HARPIST.

Gold Medalist .- Miss Claire Sperati.

HARMONISTS.

Bronze Medalists.—Misses Daisy Smith, Edith Mary Turrall, Mr. Frederick A. Dunsdon, and Mr. James Henry Parnum.

The next examination of non-students will take place in January, 1896.

SIDNEY R. COLE. Sec.

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

The Guildhall Students' Concert and Presentation of Prizes, Certificates, etc., took place on Saturday asternoon, October 26, at which, in the unavoidable absence of the Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Knight presided. Obstacle after obstacle rose up before me, to prevent my reaching the Guildhall, and they partially succeeded. Anyhow, I arrived in time to last few items of the programme, which, however, were sufficient to create feelings akin to regret at the loss I sustained. But, with the devout Mussulman, I exclaim, "It is destiny!" to which I humbly submit.

The programme opened by a cantata, Jensen's Feast of Adonis. The soloists were the Misses Evelyn Ogle, Louisa Bonham, and Florence Oliver, Mr. B. Griffiths-Percy sang Gounod's "She alone charmeth my sadness" (Irene). This was followed by a violoncello solo, an Andante by Goltermann and a Tarantella by Popper. "Lovely spring," by Coeneu, was then sung by Miss Sara Sole, and Haydn Parry's "Oh, how I love thee" (cigarette), by Mr. John Johnson. Schumann's "Garten melodie" and "Am Springbrunnen," for the violin were ably played by Miss Jeanne Levine. Miss Edith Leslie sang "Fanciulle che il cor," from Edith Leslie sang Meyerbeer's Dinorah, and Miss Julia Alice Tabl cluded the musical part of the programme by the

performance of a Toccata by Chaminade.

The Principal (Sir Joseph Barnby) gave a short address, acknowledging the work done by the Corporation for the furtherance of the study of music, and thanked, publicly, the professors, the lady superintendent, and the secretary, for the zeal they had displayed and the valuable support they had given him enabling him to carry on the school so successfully during the last twelve months. He hardly believed that when the Corporation started it in 1880, they

had any idea it was destined to become the greatest school in the world. Sir Henry Knight especially congratulated Miss Jeanne Levine (vio-linist) upon gaining the Gold Medal of the Institu-tion. Miss Edith Walton (pianist) was presented with an extra Gold Medal, and Miss Julia Tabb (pianist) a Bronze Medal. Prizes were also given by the school to the following :-

Pianoforte.-For the best performance of First Movement of Beethoven's Sonata No. 17, op. 31, No. 2. Awarded to Kate McEwen

Solo-singing.—Soprano: For the best performance f recitative and air, "As cheers the sun" (Joshua), of recitative and air, "As cheers the sun" (Joshua Handel; or song, "He, the best of all, the noblest, Schumann. Awarded to Flora Macdonald. Contralto: For the best performance of aria, "Lord, to Thee each night and day" (Theodora), Handel; or aria, "Inflammatus" (Stabat), Dvorak. Awarded to Bessie Grant. Tenor: For the best performance of aria, "None so rare, none so fair" (Martha), Flotow; or aria, "Domine Deus" (Messe Solennelle), Rossini. Awarded to John Johnson. Bass: For the best performance of recitative and aria, "In this, O vain misguided man" (Seasons), Haydn; or recitative, "'Twas in the cool of eventime" (Passion St. Matthew), Bach. Awarded to B. Griffiths-

Percy.

Violin.—For the best performance of Thirteenth
Concerto, letter "A" (Kreutzer). Awarded to Ethel Foreshew.

Viola. - For the best performance of Con

op. 12 (David). Awarded to Maud Tyler.

Violoncello.—For the best performance of First
Movement, minor, Ninth Concerto (Romberg). Awarded to Muriel E. Handley.

Flute.—For the best performance of Kuhlau's Sonata, No. 2, in G. Awarded to Hugh Tiffin.

Harp.—For the best performance of Fantasia in C Minor, Op. 35, Spohr. Awarded to Agnes Comerford.

Composition.—For the composition of a song, in any style, for any voice. Awarded to Clarrisse

Elecution (Ladies) .- For the best delivery of Galatea's Speech (from memory), (Pygmalion and Galatea), Gilbert. Awarded to Mildred Harris.

(Gentlemen). - For the best delivery (from memory) of "Hamlet's Speech on his Mother's Marriage (Hamlet), Shakespeare. Awarded to Frank Lucas.

The Lord Mayor's Prize, a purse of five guineas, awarded to Sara Sole. The Sheriff's Prize (given by Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Samuel), a purse of five guineas, awarded to Flora Macdonald. The Sheriff's Prize (given by Mr. Sheriff Hand), a purse of five guineas, awarded to Edith Leslie. The Jenkinson Prize, a purse of five pounds, awarded to Julia Alice Tabb. The Chairman's Prize (given by T. H. Ellis, Esq.), a purse of five guineas, awarded to Frederick G. Goodenough. The Alexander Prize, awarded to Rebbie Isaacs. The Robinson Prizes, a purse of three guineas awarded to Frank Ascough, and a purse of two guineas awarded to Kate Ward. The Moore Prizes, a purse of three guineas awarded to John Porter, and a purse of two guineas awarded to James McGregor. The Tubbs Prize, a gold-mounted Violin Bow, value £12, awarded to Nellie Ridding. The Hill Prize (by Messrs. W. E. Hill & Sons), a Violin, Bow, and Case, of their own manufacture, value £30, awarded to Master Harry L. Whittaker A very handsome and useful present, of which I hope he will make good use.

LONDON ORGAN SCHOOL.

At the Bow and Bromley Institute, Bow, E., on November 9, an Organ Recital was given by that well-known organist, Miss Emily Edroff, who is a pupil, also gold medallist, of above school, and one that they are, no doubt, or should be, proud of. She was assisted by Madame Belle Cole (soprano), She was assisted by Madame Belle Cole (soprano), and Mr. Alexander Tucker. Miss Edroff played Guilmant's "Sonata, No. I in D minor"; "Gavotte E Rondo," and "Fuga Alla Giga," by Bach; Widor's "Toccata from Fifth Symphony"; Scotson Clark's "Chorus of Angels"; "Pastorale," by E. H. Lemare; and a "March in B flat," by Silas. The Organ Solos were interspersed with the following songs—"The Harbour Bar," by F. L. Moir; Aria,

"Qui Sdegno," from Mozart's Il Flants Magice;
"Entreat me not to leave thee," by Gounod, accompanied by the organ; "The Diver," by E. J. Loder: "The Valley by the Sea," by Stephen Adams were then regaled by Edward St. Quentin's hum song, "That's what the Sergeant says," after which all must have gone home in an extremely amiable frame of mind.

LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The second Students' Concert of season was held in the large hall of above college on Saturday afternoon, October 26. The college choir and orchestra. which contributed several items, singly and in concert. gave its first performance in public on this occasion Both the choir and orchestra are of considerable strength, and was conducted by Dr. Churchill Sibley.
The orchestra played a movement from Mendelssohn's Symphony, Lobgesang. The choir gave a part-song, "The Parting Kiss," by Pinsuti, and the choir and orchestra performed Churchill Sibley's March, "The Black Prince." Hullah's "Three Fishers went Sailing," was sung by Miss Hilda Stephens, also A. J. Caldicott's "Remembrance." During the afternoon three pianoforte solos were given by Miss A. M. Stewart, K. H. Hartshorn, and K. M. Fielder, who played Wollenhaupt's "Valse Styrienne," and "The Gazelle"; "Rondeau à la Polonaise," by S. Bennett, and Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," respectively. "This Green Lane," by Edith Cooke, and "My Dearest Heart" (Sullivan), were sung by Miss Florence Sheppard. Mr. Frederick Hopkins, a professor of flute at the college, played "Fantasia Pastorale Hongroise," by Doppler, for that instru-

Mr. I. B. Poznanski (head professor of violin at the college) gave a violin recital in the lecture hall of the college on the evening of November 13. He was assisted by Mdlle. Cecile La Tarche and Mr. J. C. Bowen.

A conversazione for students and their friends will take place during December.

Accidentals.

Herr Oberthür, the well-known harpist, has just died at the age of 76.

receipts at the Leeds Festival were The total £10,953, and the net profit £2,015. Only £207 vas paid for copyrights.

D'Albert, divorced only a week or two ago, has already given notice of his intention to marry again.

Mrs. D'Albert, number three, is said to be a singer attached to the Weimar Opera House.

The Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Durham Wakefield, Hereford, Lichfield, Truro, Bangor, Guilford, and Bishop Mitchinson have accorded heir patronage to the Guild of Organists.

Brahms, it is said, is at present engaged on the setting of a number of lyrics in East Prussian dialect by a peasant woman, Johanna Ambrosius, whose etic talents have only recently been discovered.

Lamoureux is about to build a Wagner Theatre in Paris on the model of Bayreuth. It is to be opened in 1898. There will be a large organ, but by an ingenious mechanism it will be removed out of the

A South Wales Musical Festival is to be held next year, conducted by Sir Joseph Barnby. This is not connected in any way with the Cardiff Festival, which, by the way, resulted this year in a deficiency of £759.

A new book by Mr. Ernest Newman, "Gluck and It deals incithe Opera," is about to be published. It deals inci-dentally with the general history of music, and of course, more especially with the rise and progress of

It must be no joke to be a judge for a prize oper competition at Munich. Such an enormous nur works have been sent in for the Prince Luitpold prize competition, that the time for adjudication has I to be extended from March next year till November!
As the judges are all musicians in full work, they will have a high old time before November comes round

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SUPPLEMENT MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, December 1895

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3.	Song .	"Dearest Boy, oh do but chide me ('Cello Accompaniment)	" W. A. Mozart
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13.	Song .	"The Wild Rose,"	R. R. Terry

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ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 9. Nº 3.



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DEINE WEISSEN LILIENFINGER.

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THY DEAR FINGERS.



THE GARLAND.

DER BLUMENKRANZ.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Music-by F. MENDELSSOHN.



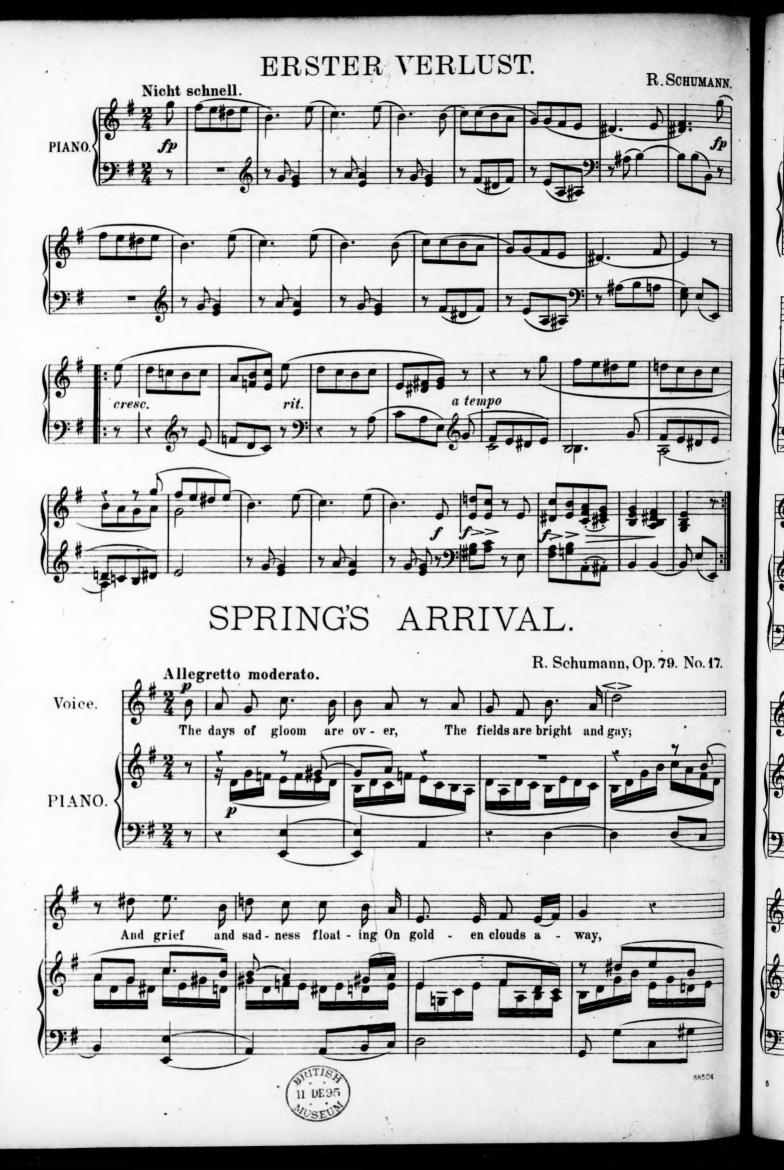




THE FIRST VIOLET.











DIE ROSE, DIE LILIE.



DIE ABENDGLOCKEN.

THE EVENING BELLS.







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THOSE AZURE EYES.





HAIDEN - RÖSLEIN.

THE WILD ROSE.











MUSIC CONTENTS.

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6.	Song		•		"The First Violet"			"	13.	Song				"The Wild Rose" .	. •	**
7.	Pianoforte	e P	ece		"Erster Verlust"			Schumann.	14.	EXTRA	Su	PPLE	ME	NT, "Silverdale Walzes."		

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Beethoven declared "that Cramer's Studies were the chief basis of all genuine playing."—Schindler's "Biography of Beethoven."

Mr. Shedlock, in his Preface, writes: "Beethoven's mode of treating the Cramer Studies becomes clear after reading the comments; he regarded the mere notes in the music as an incomplete revelation of the composer's intentions; they were the letter into which the interpreter had to infuse the spirit."

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The Telegraph says: "I have received from Messrs. Augener and Co. a copy of the Cramer Studies, with Beethoven's annotations, to which reference was made in this column last week. The anticipation I had formed of seeing Beethoven as a caustic critic has not been gratified. He appears here simply as a teacher—a rôle less entertaining, but perhaps more instructive and valuable."

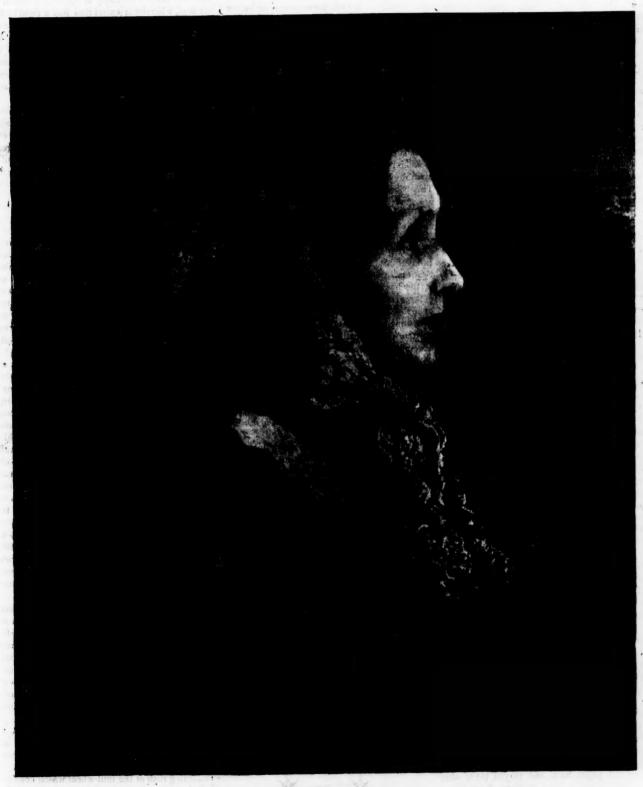
The Morning Post says: "Mr. J. S. Shedlock recently discovered in the Berlin Royal Library a copy of Cramer's Studies, annotated by Beethoven. These have just been published by Messrs. Augener, and will prove of the greatest interest to musicians. . . . We cannot too strongly recommend this work to the attention of pianists."

The Sunday Times says: "Nothing so interesting to pianists has been forthcoming for a long time as the selection of 'Beethoven-Cramer Studies,' published by Messrs. Augener and Co. . . . Henceforward the 'Beethoven-Cramer Studies' will be absolutely escential to every serious pianoforte student."

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

CHRISTMAS, 1895.



LADY TENNYSON.

On "Jurning Over,"

Something about Brahms

CAN hear several of my readers exclaim, when they have read the first part of my title, "Why, that is easy enough!" But it is not easy, and it has to be learnt like a good many other things.

Have you never had any one turn the leaves of a piece of music too soon or too late, or too slowly or too quickly? To my mind there is nothing more aggravating than to have some one at one's side who can't "turn" exactly at the right moment, and that moment means one bar before the end of the page. Then the one who turns the leaves-at a concert for instance, or anywhere where the audience sits to the right of the performer-should turn with his left hand, and take hold of the page at the top end corner. Strange to say I have often had to tell even musical people how to turn the leaves, and in preference to having it done badly have done it myself, although it is rather awkward in pianoforte trios and quartetts, especially where there are repeats. Of course every musical per-son knows that orchestral or solo parts for the strings, etc., are invariably written so that at the end of each page there are a few bars' rest, intended to allow the performer time to turn the page. Wherever this is not done it suggests a faulty training on the part of either copyist or publisher.

A propos of turning over, there are some funny anecdotes about a celebrated German lady pianist, who, when she first came to England, and played at the Monday and Saturday "Pops," said sweetly to the gentleman who was in the habit of performing that duty, "Please will you turn me over?". She had of course given a literal translation of the German, Bitte wollen Sie mir umwenden?

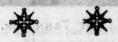
One of my experiences of "turning over" was a never-to-be-forgotten one, and the cause of it was Johannes Brahms. At an evening party given in Frankfort some years ago, during my studies with Madame Schumann, I was asked to meet her and Brahms. Being the only pupil present, and probably thinking that I should deem it an honour, which indeed I did, Brahms himself asked me to turn over the leaves of his "Academical" Overture, a four-hand arrangement of which he intended playing with Madame Schumann. That lady, I may remark in passing, is very fond of playing duets on one piano, and more than once have I had the good fortune of listening to her playing with Brahms and others as well. On the special occasion of which I am speaking it was the first time I had met Brahms, and therefore I have a very vivid remembrance of the circumstances. As I have said, he asked me to turn the leaves, and added, "But you know the overture is rather long, and as it might tire the audience, we won't play the whole, we shall skip two pages here, and later on these three. Now mind you remember, because Madame Schumahn, as you know, is very particular in these matters."

These were my instructions, and very care fully did I intend carrying them out, Amid the greatest silence Madame Schumann and Brahms sat down to the piano, and commenced playing, I standing behind them. The first pages were all right, but when it came to the page that had to be skipped, I took great care to do it, when, to my horror, Madame Schumann turned the pages back, and played them-after all. Then when it came to where three pages were to be skipped I hastened, because I was

getting quite anxious, wondering whether I could possibly have made a mistake before. And yet it seemed impossible, for I had very closely followed Brahms' own instructions. But what was this? Madame Schumann seemed terribly put out and excited, and I had turned the three leaves together and these she also turned back. No sooner was the overture finished than she jumped up from piano and in a most excited way hurled the words at me : "Nicht einmal dies können Sie," which means, "Not even this can you do." I felt so crushed that I slunk away, and tried to hide behind a huge palm tree in the conservatory, where I could give full vent to my feelings. What had I done but followed Brahms' instructions blindly? It took some little time before I was discovered, and then it was Brahms himself who found me. I can still see him, how he stood laughing at me, and then remarking it was the best joke he knew to think that I show have been so innocent as to believe all he said. As if so many pages could be skipped in his overture! Well, I didn't know at that time—it is more than ten years ago now-I didn't know the form of an overture then. His laughing at me did not console me for Madame Schu-mann's undeservedly hard words; and though when she learnt how it had happened, and tried to make me see that I ought not to have listened to Brahms' jokes, it did not console me at all. This "joke" spread all over the town like wildfire, and I heard it everywhere I went. The Schumanns, however, wanted to smooth affairs, and so most kindly asked me to dine there one evening with Brahms, to "make it up." I thought highly of the honour; but to this day I have not forgotten the incident, nor has Brahms either! The next time I met him was at the house of Professor, Stockhausen, a large number of musicians were invited to hear the Liebeswalzer. Brahms honoured me by asking me to play them, with him (they are written as duets with a vocal quartets accompaniment). I read them straight off with Brahms, Professor Stockhausen, Herr von zur Mühlen, Fraulein von Tiedemann and Frau Hahn singing. Afterwards Brahms wrote some bars of manuscript into a book for me with his autograph, "Seiner liebensme with his autograph, "Seiner liebens-wurdigen Partnerin zur Erinnerung an einen schönen musikalischen Abend."

Since then I have spent many interesting hours with him. The last was but a few months ago at Meiningen, when he was the guest of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, and I of the hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen.

I have had many an illustrious personage turn for me, his Majesty the King of Saxony being one of the several members of the Royal Family who have done me the honour. I must however, say here that never have I before come across any one who was more careful, and I might almost say "methodical," in his method of turning over than Mr. Henry, Bird. The other evening he very kindly turned the leaves over for me in Brahms' Quartett for piano and strings, but before we "went on," I noticed (probably unobserved by him) that, he very carefully looked over the pages to find out if all the pages were there, and if the numbers ran consecutively. I was very much impressed by this forethought on the part of Mr. Bird, and though I never said a word to him at the time, I thought what a good lesson he was teach-.I have had many an illustrious p time, I thought what a good lesson he was teaching even me, for I do not think I have ever taken so much trouble over other people's music! MARIE WURM.



Tennyson in Music.

ROBABLY no poet has more musically interpreted life than Tennyson. His dainty, delicate grace of utterance is such as should satisfy the most fas-tidious ear. And the thoughts to which his words give expression are no less melodious.
"A musical thought," says Carlyle, "is one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of a thing, detected the inmost mystery of it, namely, the melody that lies hidden in it, the inward harmony of coherence, which is its soul, whereby it exists and has a right to be here in this world. All inmost things we say are melodious naturally utter themselves in song." It is, no doubt, because the songs of Tennyson possess this melodiousness of inner soul and verbal embodiment that they have been the subject of musical treatment by so many

There is no lyric, however sweetly melodious in its words, loftily significant in its sense, and deeply moving in its feeling, which is not en-hanced by a worthy musical setting. Singersknow how much more a possession of the soul a noble song becomes when they have sung again and again its words to fitting music till they feel that it is—

"All their rarer, better, truer self, That sobs religiously in yearning song.

Music makes the language of song more easily remembered because it expresses its meaning and emotion, and depicts the scenes it describes with more vividness, impressiveness, and en-chantment than the finest elocutionary delivery of the lines could do. For instance, Miss Lind-

of the lines could do. For instance, Miss Lindsay's simple setting, "Home they brought her warrior dead," is a pretty true picture of a scene which the words, certainly, with charmingly-touching suggestiveness, merely outline.

While we have composers whose songs are stamped with that intellectuality which gives such compositions as Schubert's, Schumann's, and Franz's so precious a significance, yet into their treatment of Tennyson's English songs, musicians seem generally to have put more heart than head. Miss Lindsay, Jane More, Blockley, and John Park have written to the late Laureate's words music which seems the outcome of a depth of feeling scarcely matched by their reach of thought. Sullivan and Balfe, however, rank high as song composers. The former has the of thought. Sullivan and Balfe, however, rank high as song composers. The former has the touch which adorns, the latter was a true interpreter of those poets whose lines he set, one of his best examples being, "Come into the garden, Maud." It must, however, be admitted that some of Tennyson's songs have been treated with the greatest musical mastery by foreigners, such as Henschel, Pinsuti, Piatti, and Blumen-

In the volume of songs from Tenny writings, set to music by various composers and edited by W. G. Cousins, there are forty-four numbers testifying to the poet's productiveness in the lyric department, and to their attractiveness to the musical mind. Some of the most renowned modern composers contribute to the volume, which is, on the whole, a valuable musical exposition, intellectual and sympathetic, of the various needs. mo

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Ciro Pinsuti introduces that dear girl, the "Miller's Daughter," with the ringlets and dainty waist and a sweet taste in personal adornment, by a symphony expressive of the haunting rush of the mill-wheel which continues all through to accompany the melody, delicious as the simple brightness of the words themselves.

The tuneful Sullivan makes "Edward Gray," of the broken, buried heart, sing meltingly of his lost love, and with as much bewitching melodiousness as he, Sullivan has provided for Gilbert's Lady Jane when she warbles plaintively about the unwelcome effects the ravages of time are producing on her once slender grace.

Coming to Blumenthal's "Sweet is true love," one cannot but be impressed by the beauty and dramatic force of the music. It might be thought that the dramatic element in the music is over-emphasized in what the author calls a "little" song which Elaine sang "sweetly"; but on reading the lines which follow the song we see how correctly the composer has caught the meaning, and how faithfully he reflects the shuddering weirdness of the verses.

"Late, late, so late," receives an artistic and telling interpretation at the hands of Sir George The expectant tone of the two first lines of stanzas one and two is expressed in a plaintive pianissimo theme, and the reply of the last line is delivered in a firm forte recitative. The expectancy sinks into a beseeching, soft cry in stanzas two and three, but still the reply is stern and emphatic, "Too late." In the last verse the composer produces an impressive effect after the phrase "Ye cannot enter now," by introducing a sudden change of key in a discordant chord played fortissimo as if to clinch the irrevocableness of the final refusal; but the phrase "too late" is repeated in gentle lingering strains, making the voice that had hitherto been so stern subside into yearning, loving, regretful pity.

Before leaving this interesting volume, allusion must be made to the song of Tennyson's which has been most studied and handled by musicians, viz., "Break! break! break!" This beautiful poem can never lose its freshness, its penetrating pathos, so long as "loss is common to the race." The melancholy music of its words must even appeal to young hearts into which the aching sense of irreparable deprivation has not yet entered. In the aspect of its adaptability to music, it certainly presents good opportunity for effective treatment by the intelligent composer. No one has availed himself of this opportunity so satisfyingly as Mr. Henschel.

In the introducing symphony a heart-sigh seems to alternate with the break of the waves. Again and again with insistent monotony the waves rise, break, and rush upon the stones and crags. Amid this tumbling of waters the voice is heard. The poet cannot utter the thoughts that arise in him. He can only bitterly bid the waves break on as he longs to find the relief of utterance for his agitated thoughts.

rush of the sea continues as the singer sighs: "And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me."

The poet merely notices, in his abstracted mood, the fisherman's boy at play with his sister, the sailor lad singing in his boat, and the stately ships passing to their haven, and these scenes the musician lightly sketches in appropriate melody. An unexpected change of key to the minor on the word "hill"-

"And the stately ships go on To their haven under the hill"-

leads to the real key-note of the poet's song-"O for the touch of a vanished hand."

Break, break, break, sound the waves in the symphony

"And the sound of a voice that is still."

Again, as if mockingly, the symphony sounds the "Break! break! break!" of the sea; and then the poet's tongue, made vocal by the

recitative of the musician, whose symphony keeps repeating the sigh of a heart and the break and rush of the sea

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead Will never come back to me.

The occasional pieces, whose melodious strains acceptably relieve the somewhat pedantically poetic narrative of The Princess have been favourite subjects of musical adaptation; but in this rather random selection of songs by the Laureate of musical interest it will be sufficient to include only other two which occur in the fourth part of the poem proper of The Princess, where they are placed in contrast to each other.

When, in response to Princess Ida's request, a maid of those beside her smote her harp and sang, "Tears, idle tears," the Princess afterwards demanded a song which does not "moan about the retrospect," but "deals with the other distance and the hues of promise." Then was sung, "O swallow, swallow, flying, flying south." Is there a more perfect love song than this? Or has it been more perfectly interpreted musically than by Piatti? Piatti's song is apparently not well known, or perhaps the amateur baritone deems it too ambitious an effort for the drawing-room. But why do our professional singers not render it oftener in public? It has more force and fervour in it than a score of modern love songs.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what ye mean," one shrinks from a too close comment on. Readers of it ponder it in their own hearts, and each heart finds in it its own sacred song. It has been worthily set to music by John Park; but another perusal of it constrains one to make it an exception to the proposition that music always enhances verse. These verses music cannot improve; they will live by reason of their own melodious expression and inward harmony.

It has been truly said that life can be as ample in one divine moment as in an hour or a day or a year. Those who have the gift of vocalization amplify life by conferring on their neighbours and possessing for themselves the "divine moments" which the true rendering of true song-a heart's melodious expression of a heart's harmonious conception-yields. And among the songs that are breathed into the air, and found long, long afterwards in the hearts of friends, may there be many of the songs of Tennyson! M. L. Tennyson!

> @ennyson's "daylla."

N his recently-published volume of letters Matthew Arnold finds fault with Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"-some illustrations of which we give in the present number because the poet has not put into them the peculiar charm and aroma of the Middle Ages. There is something magical about the subject," he says, "and I will do something with it before I have done." Matthew finished his work and left the "something" undone. Perhaps it was as well, for a second poetical treatment of the visionary King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table might not have found the ready acceptance that Arnold would undoubtedly have anticipated for it. In truth we have heard as much about Arthur as we have time for in these high-pressure days. If musician, gives as much utterance to his anybody will settle finally for us the doubtful Knights of his Round Table? We can learn

thought as he is capable of, to the melodious question as to whether he is to be regarded as a historical personage or merely as a myth, he will have our benison. In the meantime most of us are perfectly satisfied to have him as Tennyson presented him to us.

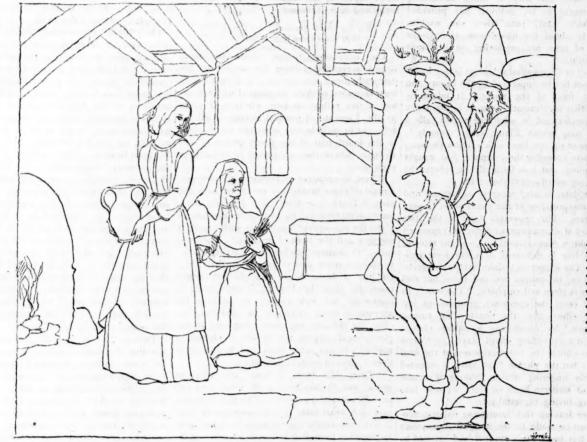
The "Idylls," as everybody knows, consist of stories specially selected out of a great mass of such legendary materials by the author for the sake of the poetic and artistic advantages and capabilities which they may individually represent, as well as for their bearing on the proper unfolding of the Arthurian subject. We have in all ten separate poems in the series. They have come before us piecemeal, in an irregular manner, the first four being those with which we are most familiar. The two finest of the series are probably "Guinevere," and "The Passing of Arthur," though of course individual readers will have their individual favourites. The farewell scene between Arthur and his Queen in "Guinevere" is conceived in so lofty a spirit and carried out with such perfection and beauty that it suffices itself to elevate the poem to the first rank. No such single and striking picture is put before us in "The Passing of Arthur," but then the whole of that poem is so beautiful and worked out from beginning to end in such a masterly manner, that if a comparison is to be made it ought to have the leading rather than

the second place in the series.

Perhaps "Vivien" would come next, not withstanding that there is probably no poem out of the whole ten which the casual reader would be more likely to pass over. There is in "Vivien" an artistic completeness of effect, a consistent working out of the single idea, combined with a sustained power in the detailed treatment for which we look in vain elsewhere. The same remarks apply, though in a modified shape and in less degree, to "The Last Tournament." Nor must we forget the pure and tender char-acter of "Elaine" as conceived by the poet. Love and the play of the affections have a very large share in the general scheme of the "Idylls." The one strong and manly form of Lancelot set between the two contrasted feminine types, the two women who love him, is a subject most interesting in itself and wrought out not without forcible and beautiful passages and scenes. In all his work this is the side of human nature which Tennyson most affects, and with which he no doubt felt himself best fitted to deal. the "Idylls" we see further his profound feeling for outward nature, and his refined and highly cultivated artistic taste. The year, with its varied changes of time, season, and weather, is gradually unfolded before our eyes in a panoramic cycle.

The "Idylls" is assuredly Tennyson's most varied and most romantic work. In spite of what Arnold has said, it has the effect of carrying the mind from this prosaic age back into the dim yet picturesque regions of the heroic pastto a time when railways and telegraphs were not to be found in the maddest dreams of men; when might was lord and right his slave; when the flowery woods were the abodes of heroic warriors, and tragedies were generated by the jealousies of love. The work is finely sustained throughout, and abounds in so many gems of imagery that to quote one of them would be to do injustice to the others. That part of the extensive poem which is oftenest quoted is descriptive of the sweet effect the clear-sounding and nightingale-like voice of Enid exerted over the mind of Gherent. The style is everywhere admirable: language clear and to the point, generally vigorous and telling, not seldom keen, incisive, brilliant.

And what can we learn from this old-world subject of the poet-from King Arthur and the



"Here, by God's rood, is the one maid for me!" ("Enid and Geraint.")



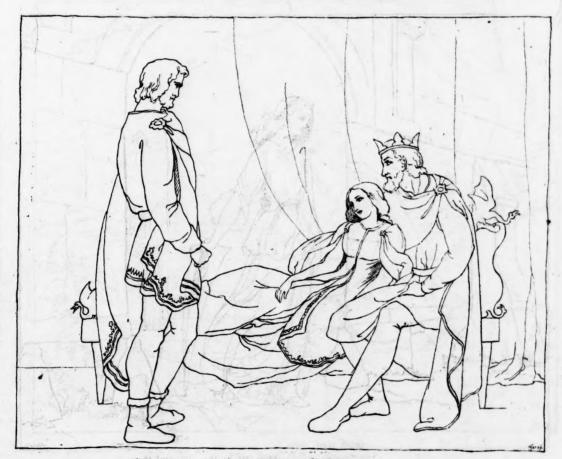
"Enid, the pilot star of my lone life!

Enid, my early and my only love!

Enid, the loss of whom kas driven me wild!" ("Fnid and Geraint.")



Stript off the case and read the naked shield
... So she lived in fantasy. ("Lancelot and Elaine.")



Listed her eyes, and they dwelt languidly
On Launcelot. ("Lancelot and Elaine.")

ILLUSTRATIONS: "IDYLLS OF THE KING."

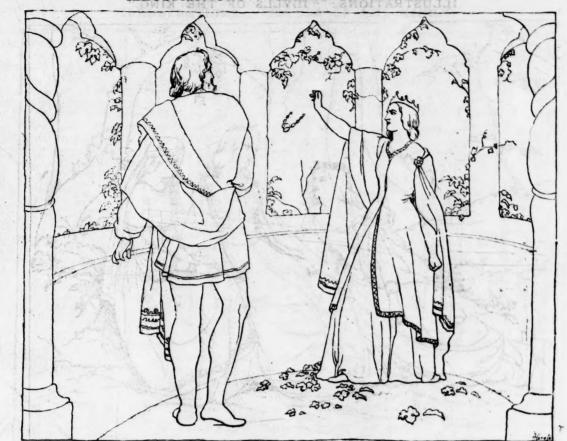


. . . . the lily maid Elaine Lifted her eyes and read his lineaments

And loved kim with that love which was her death. ("Lancelot and Elaine.")



Her bright hair blown about the serious face
Yet rosy kindled with her brother's kiss,
Paused in the gateway, holding by the shield. ("Lancelot and Elaine.")



"She shall not have them!" Saying which she seized, And thro' the casement, standing wide for heat, Flung them. ("Lancelot and Elaine.")



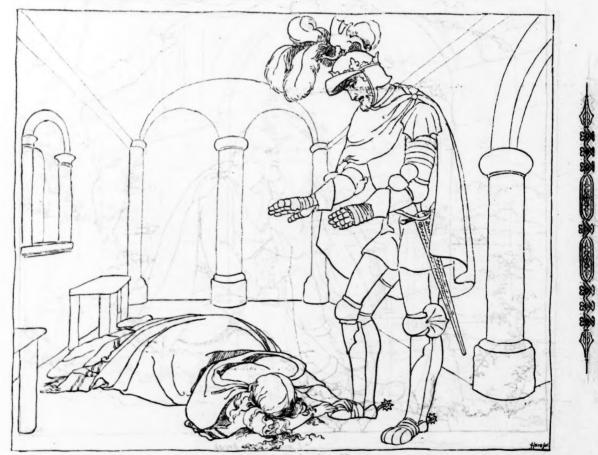
"I needs must break These bonds that so defame me."

So greated Sir Launcelot in remorseful pain, Not knowing he should die a holy man. ("Lancelot and Elaine.")

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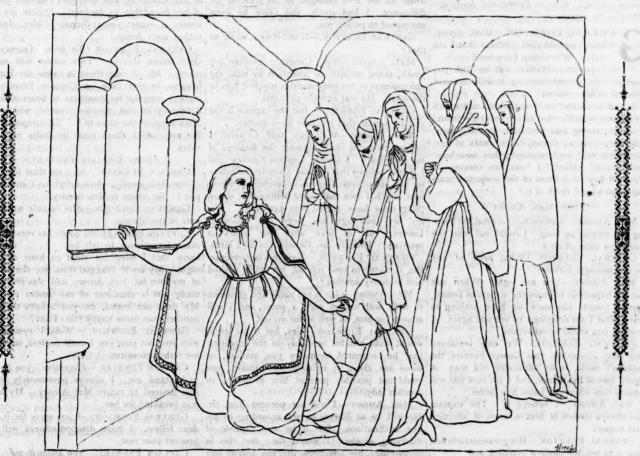
.... the Queen who sat between her best, Enid, and lissome Vivian, of her court The wiliest and the worst. ("Guinevere.")



"I, whose vast pity almost makes me die,
To see thee laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers," ("Guinevere.")



The casement. "Peradventure," so she thought,
"If I might see his face, and not be seen." ("Guinevere.")



"Yea, little maid, for am not I forgiven?"
Then, glancing up, beheld the holy nuns
All round her. ("Guinevere.")

much. If it might not be thought a back-handed compliment, one might say that the "Idylls" were as good as sermons—let us say as ideal sermons. Enid's song at her wheel would make a man of any one who would drink in its spirit. The wretched beings who call themselves creatures of circumstances may well be shamed as they read it.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown; With that wild wheel we go not up or down;

Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great. Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands; Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands; For man is man and master of his fate."

Of course he is. But there have been poets who have so glorified fate as to make it master of the man.



It was in beap Year.

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT.

By ANDREW DE TERNANT.

CHARACTERS:

Sir George Fernley. General Egerton.
Captain Fernley. Jenny.

Mrs. Amory.

SCENE.—A Drawing-room in Mrs. Amory's country residence. General Egerton and Jenny discovered as the curtain rises.

ENERAL EGERTON.—Well, Jenny, have you told your mistress that I am here? When may I see her?

JENNY.—Madam will be with you shortly. She is only settling a little account with one of her tenants. (Exit.)

GENERAL EGERTON.—Settling accounts with her tenants herself; what an active little woman! A widow, young and beautiful, at the utmost only twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, immensely rich, and managing her own business affairs? Hush! I hear her coming. I must tell her all I know of the projected marriage and what I think of it?

(Enter MRS. AMORY.)

MRS. AMORY.—Pardon me, General, for keeping you waiting so long. I could not send the poor man away at once.

GENERAL EGERTON.—What need of any excuse amongst friends?

MRS. AMORY.—You are right. When one has the happiness to enjoy the society of honest, mutual friends like ours, we have nothing to fear! But I am delighted to see you again. I thought you would never return.

GENERAL EGERTON.—We only remained four days altogether. Sir George Fernley, the captain's uncle, is an admirable old man. A model lord of the manor, and I am sure you will admire him when you know him better.

MRS. AMORY.—I believe it. The captain has always spoken of him in terms of affection and respect.

GENERAL EGERTON.—His greatest ambition now is to see his nephew married, and

MRS. AMORY.—He wishes the captain to marry? to whom then, sir, to whom?

GENERAL EGERTON.—Well, they have not confided to me their secret, but I overheard something; and I am certain of the fact.

MRS. AMORY.—But no doubt you know to whom? Tell me then, to whom, sir, to whom? GENERAL EGERTON.—Yes, I know, madam. But how impatient you are!

MRS. AMORY.—No; it is quite natural that one should study the interest of a friend.

GENERAL EGERTON.—Ah! my dear lady; friendship is a very beautiful thing, and it would be unkind on my part not to remove your apprehensions on that account. It is to yourself, madam, that Sir George Fernley is desirous of marrying his nephew,—if you are willing, of course.

MRS. AMORY.- To me, sir?

GENERAL EGERTON.—To yourself, I said. I am almost certain he is desirous that this marriage should be arranged; and I also believe you have no objection to the match; what do you say?

MRS. AMORY.—You are mistaken, General. GENERAL EGERTON.—How, madam?

MRS. AMORY.—Listen to me, my dear General.
—You will think I am very extraordinary, rather absurd, and perhaps also unreasonable. but, sir, nothing will alter my determination never to marry again.

GENERAL EGERTON.—Are you in earnest!

And why so pray?

MRS. AMORY.—The reason why? You knew my late husband. In society Mr. Amory was considered the politest and most charming of men, and every one thought I was the happiest woman in England. Such, however, was not the case. No woman led a more unhappy existence with her husband than I with Amory.

GENERAL EGERTON.—You were unhappy with Amory!

MRS. AMORY. - You seem surprised, General! Well, we were scarcely married three years, when all his love changed to the greatest indifference. I had rivals, and twice he even attempted to poison me.

GENERAL EGERTON.—How! it went so far as that?

MRS. AMORY.—Yes, General; neither my youth, tears, respect, or attention to hide my unhappiness or his irregularities touched him in the least. He was entirely changed.

GENERAL EGERTON.—But the captain is too gallant a man, that you may have doubts.

MRS. AMORY.—Well, my dear General, I cannot give you credit against the feelings of my own heart. I admire Captain Fernley, and I firmly believe that he has a sincere affection for me, notwithstanding his occasional pcevishness, which, I own, makes me believe that something must have ruffled him extremely. No, my first marriage has been too unhappy. Lovers? talk of love after four years of marriage! Believe me, General, 'tis all a farce.

GENERAL EGERTON.—Nay, this is nonsense. But if, owing to your refusal, his uncle wished him to marry another?

MRS. AMORY.—He is too noble and generous to trifle with me on such a point, and I will answer for him, as well as for myself.

GENERAL EGERTON.—Yes, but if his uncle would make him his heir only on the condition that he consented to marry you, madam, or some one else; in refusing the captain, you could not possibly prevent him proposing to another lady.

MRS. AMORY—I will not prevent him, sir. He will be at liberty to act according to his own inclinations. But if he was capable of marrying another, I would die; but this is impossible; his affections are too ardent and sincere.

GENERAL EGERTON. -So much the better. sure that she has no objection to marry again?

But has the captain ever proposed marriage to you?

MRS. AMORY.—Never. I am certain, however, that he always desired to do so; but I can assure you he never declared his love to me. I know the reason why: the captain was not rich; and having only the income of his commission, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to utter anything like a proposal.

GENERAL EGERTON.—Well, if he acts according to his principles, I am not surprised.

MRS. AMORY.—But you have not heard the worst. On one occasion I thought seriously of proposing marriage to him, myself.

GENERAL EGERTON.—Indeed!

MRS. AMORY.—Yes, I must confess I was driven to it; and it was solely owing to my ardent wish to make him happy, that I was on the point of offering him my hand, because I imagined it was my last resource.

GENERAL EGERTON.—I believe it, madam; the more so as at the time, the captain's income was very small. His uncle's only son was still living.

MRS. AMORY.—But now that he will be rich some day, there is all the more reason for me to decline to marry again.

GENERAL EGERTON.—Well, well, madam, I suppose it's useless for an old man like myself to struggle against your sentiments. Love is the only thing on earth which will bring you back to reason.

(Enter JENNY.)

JENNY .- A letter from Lady Ellis.

MRS. AMORY.—Said you I was at home? JENNY.—Yes, madam; and her ladyship's footman waits for an answer.

MRS. AMORY.—General, will you excuse me? (After reading letter).—I cannot understand what this lady wants. I called on her yesterday; and found her not at home. I have not the honour of knowing her sufficiently to judge of her character, and therefore can only speak of her friendship as doubtful. Excuse my absence. I expect you at dinner. (Mrs. Amory retires with Jenny.)

GENERAL EGERTON (To Mrs. Amory).—I shall return shortly. This widow will never marry. Ah! I fear there is cause for apprehension in this case, as Captain Fernley is quite as singular for goodness of heart as for a deficiency in that outward varnish which too often supplies the place of it. To compound all the arguments, there must be faults on both

(Enter CAPTAIN FERNLEY.)

CAPTAIN FERNLEY.—Ah! my dear friend— (They shake hands),—how delighted I am to see you! But where is Mrs. Amory?

GENERAL EGERTON.—She is only writing a note in the library.

CAPTAIN FERNLEY.—I await her return with much impatience, to tell her . . . do you know that I have not slept an hour all last night. My uncle dragged from me the secret of my love for Mrs. Amory, and was pleased I made him a confident of my tender passion. My dear old friend, do you believe there is another man more happy than I am?

GENERAL EGERTON. — Well, I sympathize with you, but your joy, I must confess, seems to me rather excessive. . . .

CAPTAIN FERNLEY—Excessive! you do not understand me. I always passionately loved and desired to marry Mrs. Amory. My heart was breaking for her.

GENERAL EGERTON.—I am sorry for it, my dear fellow. I hope disappointment will not prevent your rest.

CAPTAIN FERNLEY.—You astonish me!

GENERAL EGERTON.—But are you quite sure that she has no objection to marry again?

CAPTAIN FERNLEY .- Yes, I know well her aversion; but I will overcome all that, and make her my wife. Everything is possible in love. I adore her; she loves me, and at present I truly believe she shall be mine.

GENERAL EGERTON.—How so, pray?
CAPTAIN FERNLEY.—The mystery is simple enough. Without ample means, I could not propose a marriage, which would always be considered from a money point-of-view . but to-day . . . to-day! . . . Oh! heavens!

GENERAL EGERTON. - Come, come, this sudden desire to be married is rather absurd.

CAPTAIN FERNLEY. - But I cannot live without her, General!

GENERAL EGERTON.-My dear boy. CAPTAIN FERNLEY.- I am sincere.

GENERAL EGERTON.-I believe you; but I have just had a conversation with her on the subject, and she told me distinctly that she will never marry again, not even with you.

CAPTAIN FERNLEY. - Nay, General - don't trifle with me.

GENERAL EGERTON.-Hush! I hear a noise in the library; she is coming here, no doubt. I have some particular business to attend to. I am sure you will excuse my hasty departure. Good-bye.

CAPTAIN FERNLEY .- If I had not the greatest regard imaginable for my old friend, I should hate him abominably. Surely there is something malignant in the air at present; for every man I have conversed with this morning seems rather to be depressed with gloom than enlivened by sunshine. But I must strive to forget all that business now. Here she comes.

(Enter MRS. AMORY.)

MRS. AMORY.—Ah! captain. I am glad you are come. My foolish maid has ruffled me so, I want relief from my own thoughts.

CAPTAIN FERNLEY.—Madam, the tender-

ness you have always shown me deserves every return I can make you. I wish for no other amends but to see you easy in your mind.

MRS. AMORY.-I am glad to see you so pleasant! Well, how did you get on with the ladies?

CAPTAIN FERNLEY .- The ladies! Ah! that reproach is ungenerous. Madam, you really distress me by entertaining the least doubt of that love I ever have borne towards you, and will ever bear.

MRS. AMORY.-Ah, captain! you are better informed than I am, I find.

CAPTAIN FERNLEY.-Indeed, madam, you are too hard upon me. I beg your permission to withdraw. I cannot understand the prejudice that you have against marriage.

MRS. AMORY.—What do you say, Captain? CAPTAIN FERNLEY.-I say, madam . I fear . . . you will perhaps, not

(Enter JENNY.)

JENNY.-Sir George Fernley inquires for you, madam.

CAPTAIN FERNLEY-(Aside).- I am not sure if I ought to be annoyed or thankful to be interrupted at this moment.

MRS. AMORY-(To Jenny).-Request Sir George to walk up.

(Exit JENNY.)

CAPTAIN FERNLEY.-Madam . I am . . in fact I feel rather nervous. While you are receiving my uncle, I will walk round the farm, and on your answer, which I shall hear from him, will depend the happiness or the unhappiness of my future life.

MRS. AMORY .- Poor young man! I am in for it; but never mind.

(Exit.)

(Enter SIR GEORGE FERNLEY.)

SIR GEORGE-(With forced ease) .- At length my dear lady, I am here. I have long promised myself the pleasure of seeing you. How hearty you look! But where is my

MRS. AMORY.-Your nephew only just left this minute.

SIR GEORGE.—Indeed! How unfortunate! I imagine you can guess my errand. You know my friendship for my nephew, who, let me tell you, is your great admirer. I therefore come with open frankness to arrange the marriage settlement.

MRS. AMORY .-- And I, with equal candour, must tell you I decline your offer.

SIR GEORGE.-No anger. I speak as a friend.

MRS. AMORY.-Pray, on the subject of this marriage, learn my dispositions.

SIR GEORGE.-What do you mean by dispositions? I do not wish you to know the dispositions in favour of my nephew. It is quite right that estates should remain in the family. We will discuss everything by and bye. I will return shortly. Au revoir.

MRS. AMORY. -But before you go, Sir George, listen an instant to me.

SIR GEORGE.-Why in such haste? Reflect a little and be cheerful. If you are wise, you shall have cause to thank me.

MRS. AMORY.-What am I to think? It seems like dragging the bride, by force, to that solemn altar, where, in the face of heaven, she is to declare her choice is free? Again here

(Enter CAPTAIN FERNLEY.)

CAPTAIN FERNLEY. - Thanks, my dear madam! you have made me happy. It is the excellence of my uncle's heart that disdains the appearance of self-interest.

MRS. AMORY .- I tell you again, sir, it is uncharitable, it is cruel; it is hard-hearted in you, to torment me thus.

CAPTAIN FERNLEY. - What?

MRS. AMORY .- You have no right to annoy

CAPTAIN FERNLEY.-Indeed! Then my alliance, it seems, is refused. What will the world say?

MRS. AMORY.-Sir, I leave to what is called the world the liberty to think what it likes. I never will call on public opinion to pronounce judgment upon me. Your esteem, and that of our own circle of friends, is sufficient. To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves. You know that the mere recollection of of wedlock again; and why not be satisfied with friendship?

CAPTAIN FERNLEY .- No, madam, no; my happiness depends entirely on your love. Only

the chains of marriage can satisfy me.

MRS. AMORY. — Well! my dear Captain, "the chains being so closely united, are but the apter to part, as the knots, the harder they are pulled, break the sooner."

CAPTAIN FERNLEY .- Nay, do not taunt me mand me in anything. with quotations from the poets.

MRS. AMORY.—Very well, sir, very well.
CAPTAIN FERNLEY.—You are enough to pro-

MRS. AMORY.-Is that the case? I am sorry for it. Advice, I see, is thankless.

(Enter GENERAL EGERTON.)

GENERAL EGERTON .-- Ah! madam, I understand the captain's sentiments; you will make follow.) him the most unhappy of men.

MRS. AMORY.—What do you mean?

CAPTAIN FERNLEY .- Oh! madam, how can you speak thus? Love makes timorous animals bold, they say; you know my mind already with regard to you.

(Enter SIR GEORGE FERNLEY.)

SIR GEORGE.-For Heaven's sake, madam, don't keep this poor lover any longer in suspense, but dismiss him fairly at once, for your own honour as well as in pity to him.

CAPTAIN FERNLEY .- Why, you seem out of breath, uncle. What is the matter?

GENERAL EGERTON.—What has happened? MRS. AMORY.-Why all this mystery, gentlemen?

SIR GEORGE.-To tell you the truth, madam, I have just received a message announcing the loss of my entire fortune through unfortunate speculations, and now don't know where to raise five hundred shillings, if it would save me from perdition.

MRS. AMORY — (Aside). — Oh! merciful heavens! The proofs are convincing.

GENERAL EGERTON-(Aside).-It is quite a

SIR GEORGE. -Ah! my dear nephew! my dear son! my feelings are as keen as yours.

CAPTAIN FERNLEY.-Kindest and best of guardians, I know the worst. There is always some charitable door open to the unfortunate. I am in the prime of my youth. You will not dwindle out a life of misery, though you may turn from your former wealth with an aching

MRS. AMORY.-What sentiment!

SIR GEORGE.—How reviving to old age is the gratitude of the young!

CAPTAIN FERNLEY.—My uncle, this is no time to nourish grief. Every word's a sword that stabs my heart.

MRS. AMORY.-You have but little reason, sir, to say so yet. Cheer up, gentlemen; I dare promise you a happy issue to this affair. What has passed this afternoon, joined to some other late incidents, has so thoroughly awakened reflection in me, that from this day forward you will find me a new woman. Sir George Fernley will live under the same roof as the captain and myself after our marriage.

SIR GEORGE.-Where am I? What strange visions throng my mind?

CAPTAIN FERNLEY.-No, no, madam. Were my existence on earth eternal, I could not accept your hand. The life which I so long have led has not rendered me unfit for honest toil. So cruel is my fate-forgive me if I say your fond affection but augments my grief.

SIR GEORGE.-Alas! his piercing exclamations rend my heart! Look up, my boy; you are my all on earth. Oh! these are trials sent past unhappiness prevents my entering the bonds from above to wean our souls from this vain, empty world.

MRS. AMORY-(Half-laughing) .- No more, Captain; this is leap-year, and all women have the privilege of proposing. And now, best of men, receive my hand and fortune a second time; and with an assurance that I could never make before, that you possess my heart entirely.

(They embrace.) CAPTAIN FERNLEY.-Madam, you may com-

GENERAL EGERTON .-- I am thunder-struck petrified-converted into stone.

SIR GEORGE. - I was never truly happy till this instant.

(Dinner gong is heard from without.) MRS. AMORY .- Sans cérémonie, gentlemen. 'Tis now nearly seven, and dinner is ready.

(Captain Fernley gives his arm to Mrs. Amory, and Sir George and General Egerton









Behing the Scenes in 1894.

ENTLE reader, you have most certainly sat in front of the stage at the opera. Often have you seen Massetto forget about his fickle Zerlina, often seen Zerlina sweetly coax Massetto back into complacency. Who could then resist her coaxing? for Mozart is on her side, and supplies her with strains that would melt the heart of a grindstone or a Home Secretary. Or you have watched Mephistopheles enter in a smoky fire and tempt Faust on to a sure perdition; you have sympathized with the lovers in the garden-scene, perchance wept over Marguerite-the incarnation of woman's pure desire-in the dungeonscene. It may be you remember when the swan swam down the broad breast of the Scheldt-or was it the Rhine?-towing the boat in which sat the mystic, romantic Lohengrin. He stepped upon the bank gloriously in his glistening white armour, and the emotions of gladness and delight expressed in the "wonderful" chorus were simply what you yourself felt. "Trailing clouds of glory" did he come; and, after the poignant experiences of the quickmoving drama of his short earthly career, he went back-whither?-to his father, to his home; and you knew how the mediæval Germans, whose blood ran in Richard Wagner's veins, contemplated and felt about the strange, mysterious, yet joyous coming of man into the world, and his sad, stranger, even more mysterious going out of it. And if you have been abroad, or had the good luck to be in London last year during the opera season, you may have seen a yet more stupendous drama of the passing away of human things-the ending of the gods, and not the gods only, but the ancient races, their customs, their ways of thought, their ways These old warlike Teutons thought of feeling. themselves the flower of the human race; they laboured and fought to make themselves everlasting names, they builded themselves monuments which should stand to the latest time, they worshipped and served their gods faithfully to secure a heaven of everlasting felicity. And, look you, though the flower of the human race. they are gone, their names are gone, and their monuments; nav, their very theologies and systems of gods, and their very heavens-all are gone; and the memory of them lives only in the old legends that antiquarians have preserved The spirit that filled them can still be found amongst the caves and hills where they dwelt. And Wagner caught the spirit and breathed it into the dead bones of the Niebelungen stories, and once more the old heroes live, love, fight, and die-for us : in three days we can grasp the tragedy of as many thousand years. All these things, then, we see sitting calmly in our stall in front of the stage; composer and artists and stage-manager and scenepainter enchant us; the illusion is complete.

The illusion is complete, beautiful, and wonderful, and, like the child that is given a wonderful, beautiful, and complete toy, we must needs pull it to pieces. One may indeed enjoy without questioning two or even two dozen stageperformances; but every child pulls its toys to pieces, every child is father of the man, and sooner or later we begin to ask, How is it done? When once we get to the beginning of that stage, the sooner we get through it the better. So long as we are all curiosity as to how this, that and the other are achieved, so long will away, and another scene rehearsed. Every the illusion be no illusion to ws. Having lost man knows precisely what "piece" he has to

stop until we know all, and can thus willingly give ourselves up to illusion, knowing it to be illusion. And this is my excuse for letting my gentle reader behind the scenes.

We commonly think of a theatre as semicircular in shape, the stage being a straight line that joins the two ends of the curve, and of no great depth. As a matter of fact, the stage is by far the larger portion of a theatre, occupying as a rule, I should think, quite two-thirds of the total space. A bird's-eye view would show an average theatre to be in form an oblong, with one of the narrow ends curved, and this curve would be the auditorium. I have been on many stages, but will only take one, Covent Garden, as it is there I have most frequently seen operas performed. Let me describe a rehearsal. I entered by the stage-door, round which were grouped dirty men and frowsy women - the chorus-singers. After climbing stone stairs and wandering through cold and draughty passages for some time, I at length heard the orchestra and voices going, and flattered myself that I was near my journey's 'Twas quite a mistake. I entered a cavern and knew I was on the stage by the height of the open space above me, and made off (as I thought) in the direction of the sounds. Presently I found myself against a whitewashed wall, and turned back. After wandering through more passages, formed of what seemed canvas partitions or walls, I found another wall. Finally, I determined to follow that wall until I came to the front of the stage. So at length, after creeping under this barrier and climbing over that obstacle a dozen times at least, and getting thoroughly covered with the dirtiest and stickiest description of dust I have met in my life, I at last struck a large pipe-organ, and on "rounding" it found myself at my long-wished-for goal. Heavens! what a sight! A little dim daylight straggled in from somewhere in "the flies," but the stage was chiefly illuminated by a number of flaring gas-jets on an iron pipe stuck into the floor. They waved in the wind. The floor was dirty; singers sat on chairs in groups, looking cold and thoroughly uncomfortable; there was no scenery that I could distinguish; merely pieces of stained and dusty canvas stretched on wooden frames. At first I could not see into the auditorium, nor even the orchestra. But presently Arditi's shining bald head became apparent, then one, then another, and gradually all of the players. And if the stage was dismal, even more so were the boxes and stalls. tawdry looked the gilt and white paint that had shone so resplendent the previous night! what a wretched fraud that hideous chandelier hanging from the roof! I shuddered and turned my attention to the opera in rehearsal. This was my first experience of Covent Garden, but what I am now to speak of I saw a year or so ago. It was the morning of the performance of Siegfried, and arrangements were being made for In the centre of the stage stood Sir Augustus Harris, attending to a dozen things at once, as is his wont. Mahler, the conductor, stamped about the stage in a fury because the orchestra seats were not arranged to his liking in some respect, and he had not enough English to explain exactly what was wrong. The rocks (for the third act) were being tried in one, then another place, until the right spot was found. Men were told off to manage the fire, which plays so important a part. The fire is common red fire merely, the rocks canvas slips, with hassocks of painted canvas for boulders. When all was of painted canvas for boulders. settled, a youth blackened the frayed edge of rocks and canvas trees; the things were then taken

our primitive innocence of ignorance, we cannot lift, where he will find it, where he must place it, and at what moment to do it. Many of the scenes are let down from the vast space above, called "the flies." In this way each separate scene is rehearsed. And before leaving the subject let me mention a few of the devices used in other operas. A boat is simply a wheeled car dragged by ropes from the side. Birds move on wires stretched from one side of the stage to the other. Sunlight, moonlight, and lights of the many colours required at times red for Mephistopheles, purple for the villain, rose-pink for the heroine-proceed from the two limelight lanterns, one on each side of the front of the stage, and at a height of about twelve feet. Besides the footlights, there are long rows of gas-jets, so arranged as to be movable at the side, and frequently the top, of every scene. I need not here describe the ancient apparatus called a trap-door; there are large numbers of them spread about the stage, so that Don Giovanni, or Faust, or the Devil can descend wherever convenient.

For a full rehearsal, of course, the band attends; the singers (in ordinary costume) sit on chairs until their turns come, then stand up, sing, and sit down when finished. That is in the case of a known opera. In the case of a novelty, all the "business" has to be carefully studied, and rehearsed again and again; and not unfrequently amusing dodges are resorted to to make the process of learning quicker. I have seen a couple of singers fencing vigorously with umbrellas; I have seen a cross represented by a chair, a boat by a table, a hat doing service as a pitcher to be filled at the well, -a piano-and so on and so on. For the early rehearsals only a piano is used, either on the stage or in a

private room.

This article is of necessity somewhat rambling in character. By way of a prestissimo, fortissimo conclusion, let me describe the scene behind the scene at a performance of Lohengrin. The chorus-singers and supers straggle about the stage, and very pasteboardy, indeed, do their pasteboard helmets look, and very wooden their wooden swords. The scene-shifters are laying the river flat on the boards, leaving a space for the boat to run along. Then the finishing touches of grass, etc., are put upon the bank, and the trees nicely arranged. When all is ready a messenger tells the artists "time." They come out of their various cells upstairs, or downstairs, or at the end of long, chilly passages, which make them shiver in their thin garments. When every one is ready a bell is rung. The conductor starts, rings once as an order to "stand by." Then again when the curtain has to rise. Up it goes: you stand in the "wings" thinking how hideous the beautiful court-ladies look in their tawdry tinsely garbs, with their brown-red and whiting-white complexions, blue-black eyebrows, and horse-hair wigs. Then the king-why, you can see the colour lying on his cheeks! And the lovely Elsa, too,—it is too bad! Never more, you think, can the stage illusion be beautiful to you. Lohengrin comes along in his wheeled-boat; his silver armour no longer silver, his silver helmet too evidently tin. If you go as far forward as possible, the trees do indeed somewhat resemble the genuine article; but stand amongst the crowd of soldiers, and you are unmistakably on the stage. You know it is only a stage. There is no possibility of illusion. The wonder is that the singers should know how to conduct themselves. Do they really know the exact effect every gesture makes upon the audience? Do they know that at this moment they are under a tree, when by looking up they can see only some ragged pieces of canvas?

They do know, gentle reader; and there is

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of the stage than by first learning how every detail is done. You will cease to be curious; you will get at the meaning of each scene as you get at the meaning of a word without considering the letters of which it is built. You will acquire the only true innocence—the innocence that comes of full knowledge.



A Prima Donna's bove atory.

(ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.)

-:0:-CHAPTER I

HEN Mdlle. Arabella Stella learned the result of the duel in which Julian Polaski, the rising young violinist, had been killed, she fell on the floor, her head nearly coming in contact with the gilt bronze angle of a sideboard. Betty, with the help of little Jean Leschene, laid her beautiful inanimate form on a sofa. After a long fit of fainting, Mdlle. Stella came to her senses, and the glow of life once more coloured her lovely cheeks.

Julian Polaski's seconds, dreading to appear before their friend's betrothed, Jean Leschene, a clever little comedian, had accepted the task of announcing his death to her. He had boldly faced her anger; but now he had something else to do than to reproach himself with his own brutality. Before him, among a flood of silk, appeared the splendid white neck and shoulders of Mdlle. Arabella Stella.

"What are you doing here?" asked Betty hastily.

The indiscreet fellow did not move

"You had better run for the doctor."

"I am going."
Slowly and respectfully he was leaving the room.

"It is useless; I am better."

Mdlle. Stella was speaking at last. Jean Leschene bounded towards her. But with one gesture she dismissed him.

"Tell the coachman to get ready," said Mdlle. Stella as soon as she had done with Jean Leschene.

The maid remonstrated.

Go out in such à state ! Mademoiselle cannot think of it.

The beautiful singer rose and repeated the

order, and Betty disappeared.

When the maid was gone, Arabella opened the desk close to where she had just fallen. She took out an ivory-mounted six-chambered revolver and slipped it into her breast. A few minutes later, with only a cloak thrown over her, she was driving towards the abode of the young painter, Ernest Delacour, Julian's murderer. Arabella was,-at last she guessed it,-the involuntary cause of this duel between Julian Polaski and Ernest Delacour, two intimate friends, before she had chosen the one and caused the despair of the other. The pretext of the quarrel was some difference of opinion about the last rôle of little Jean Leschene; but be sweet, since . . ."

no better way of completely enjoying the illusion this was a mere blind. Nobody could believe it, and even those who knew nothing understood that a woman was at the bottom of the plot. That woman was herself, and she was going to avenge the chosen one, and give him, in spite of the world and its prejudices, this proof of her love !

Magazine of Music.

CHAPTER II

"REALLY, I have no luck." Ernest Delacour, alone in his room, and pacing it hastily, was cursing his destiny.

A miserable empty quarrel; words against words; nothing in fact but a slap in the face given when both were almost overcome by the fumes of champagne.

In the morning, when he arrived at the appointed spot, he was ready for the breakfast at which the reconciliation would doubtless take place. The comedy had become a tragedy, and the man he had killed was, if not a friend,

at least a pleasant companion. Really, he was very unlucky. A great noise in the hall interrupted his reflections.

woman's voice was heard. "I tell you I shall come in."

And the door flew open.

Mdlle. Arabella Stella was before him, panting, speechless, and motionless, and her intentions clearly depicted in her dark eyes. He understood, but did not wish for any help, and dismissed his valet instantly. Coming towards her, he said :

"Ah! mademoiselle, why add this suppliant to my torture? Why have you come? All I may say will not, alas! lessen the horror which

the sight of me must cause you."

And as a painter he could not help admiring this living and beautiful picture of "The Re-But his instinct of self-preservation made him watch carefully the white hand which was feverishly playing among the cambric and

"Why have I come?" she said slowly. "You will see it but too soon." She was now no longer tragical. There was no one to listen to denunciation, and she gave way to grief and hatred, weeping over the dead, cursing the murderer, and refusing beforehand to accept the excuse which he would put forward—his love for her, and his jealousy of Julian Polaski.

The danger was growing less, and Ernest Delacour saw it at once. Arabella believed she was the cause of the duel, and he was not going to undeceive her. This belief was the weak point in her armour, and it was through this that he might reach her heart.

There was not a minute to lose; Arabella brought out the revolver; but in doing so her cloak fell, and while she was instinctively cross-ing her hand over her bare breast, he suddenly cried out.

"1, to dispute my life to you, Arabella. Ah! I care too little about it. It has been odious

to me for the last six months."

The prima donna remembered that for five weeks she had hesitated between Julian and Ernest. She did not hate Ernest any the less; she would kill him; but she was pleased to see him suffering, for undoubtedly he did suffer. Ernest continued:

"And this morning, far from defending that life which you have made so miserable, I should have liked to . . . But could I give him a victory the price of which you were? I did defend myself then."

He bent his knee, and his eyes fixed on her. "Arabella, I told you in former days I can-

In the prima donna's heart two different feelings were struggling for mastery; hatred for Julian's murderer, pity for the discarded lover who despised death.

He looked very handsome.
"Love him," thought Arabella; "no, I do not fear that. It would be horrible, and my soul is not that of a monster."

Yet she would no longer and could no longer bill him

"It is better he should live," said she: "Life is odious to him, and life will be his punishment."

Opening his vest, Ernest, no longer anxious, said to her,

"Strike, Arabella, strike. I have not had the happiness of living for you; let me at least have that of dying by your hand."

Arabella turned very pale and covered her

eyes with her hand.
"Shoot," said he, "I beseech you, shoot me.

"Oh! how I suffer," she muttered with a dying voice.

The revolver fell from her hand and exploded on the floor, the bullet shattering a pane of glass in the large bay-window. The valet burst into the room and saw his master holding in his arms Arabella, who had fainted.

"There is nothing the matter, Jacques," said Ernest rapidly. "Leave us alone. I have all

I want here.

- CHAPTER III.

THREE months later, little Jean Leschene, coming from America, stopped at Paris.

"How long are you going to remain here?" asked Theodore de Brinvilliers, one of Julian Polaski's seconds in the fatal duel.

Twenty-four hours at the most."

"You know at least that we were acquitted, as also was Ernest Delacour."
"Of course. The great sensation of the

season. But my name was not even men-tioned during the trial. And to think that but for this confounded journey I had a chance of consoling Mdlle. Arabella. Well, in trying . By the bye, what has become of hard . Arabella?"

"Firstly, she is here."
"Really? Then I remain."

"And you are going to try hard?"

" Very hard."

" Secondly, there is a little impediment."

"She has some one to console her."

"The name of the lucky fellow?

"You would never believe it. But look, there is no need for me to name him."

A carriage was dashing by, carrying away on their honeymoon a young couple whose indiscreet demeanour proclaimed their happiness. Little Jean Leschene, his neck outstretched and scarcely trusting his monocular eye-glass, recognised Mdlle. Arabella Stella and the now famous young artist Ernest Delacour.

ANDREW DE TERNANT.



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MR. DU MAURIER.

Our Authors.

MR. DU MAURIER.

IVE or six years ago the public would have rubbed its eyes on finding Mr. Du Maurier included amongst its favourite authors. But many things have happened to the eminent Punch artist since then. "Trilby" has been written, and Mr. Du Maurier having touched the golden casket evidently means for the future to be at any rate as much author as artist. And certainly if he does as well with his coming novels as he has done with "Trilby" he will have no cause to regret the decision; for that phenomenally popular work is bringing him in money from various channels in a fashion that promises to make it a winsome tradition among novel writers. Messrs. Harper voluntarily arranged to pay the author a royalty on all copies of the book sold in England and the United States after the 1st of January in this year. Mr. Du Maurier had no claim upon them, having sold the book outright for the sum of a thousand pounds. It seemed at the date of this supplementary proposal that the gilt had been taken off the gingerbread, and that Messrs. Harper's generosity would not greatly enrich Mr. Du Maurier. But the sale of the book still goes booming on, the author's tribute flowing in till it has at the present time brought his receipts for the novel up to close upon £8,000. That is pretty well for a new author; but in the trade it is estimated that the fortunate publishers have already netted profits amounting to £60,000. In addition to this source of revenue, Mr. Du Maurier is now reaping a golden harvest from the dramatization of his work, played to vast audiences in the States and in this country; and there is a prospect of still further receipts in that way, for "Trilby" is going to be utilised for operatic purposes. Amid the swelling figures it is an unconsidered trifle that the Fine Art Society have paid £3,000 for the studies of the pictures for "Trilby" now on view and on sale in Bond Street. On the whole, therefore, Mr. Du Maurier is not likely to arrive at a state of destitution, although he should never draw another picture in his life. He has found it more profitable to be an author than an artist, and he would be a foolish man if he did not work out the vein he has struck.

It is close upon sixty years since Mr. Du Maurier first saw the light in his father's house in the Champs Elysée of Paris. His father was the son of a man of old French family, who in 1789 fled to England to escape the guillotine. Mr. Du Maurier, senior, was, therefore, like his son, quite as much of an Englishman as he was a Frenchman. A very short time after his birth the family left their Parisian home, and for a few years took up their abode at Devonshire Terrace, London, in which house in after years Charles Dickens lived, and where Mr. Du Maurier's sister, Mrs. Clement Scott, was born. Then back again to a school in Passy and to the University of Sorbonne. Almost before the artist was born his father, a dilettante scientist, had resolved that his son should be a second Michael Faraday, and accordingly in 1851 the young man came to England to study chemistry, in which, although he had many an amusing experience, he yet failed to make either money or fame. On one occasion he was sent down to analyse and to report upon the produce of an alleged gold mine in Devonshire, but as only 3s. 6d. worth of gold was forthcoming from 350 tons of quartz it is needless to add that it was a genuine fraud and a fair exemplification of the old proverb that all is not gold that glitters.

On his father's death in 1856, Mr. Du Maurier gave up chemistry, went to Gleyre's studio in Paris, where he was a fellow-student of Poynter, Whistler, and many more, and devoted himself heart and soul to the serious study of art. From Paris he passed to Antwerp, where, in the midst of terribly hard work, there fell upon him the crushing announcement that he was doomed to a life of darkness. Fortunately, however, although he lost completely the sight of one eye, the sight of the other was spared him, and all the world knows to what good use he has put it. After a long and delightful student's life in Dusseldorf he came over to London in 1860, and at once began illustrating for Once a Week. At the same time he contributed a few pictures to Punch-and "precious bad ones they were, too," he once humorously remarked. Twentynine years ago, and about two years after his marriage, Mr. Du Maurier sat down at the celebrated Punch dinner, in the place of poor Leech, who had been buried but two days before. Mark Lemon was then the editor, and in giving the new artist his instructions he bade him not attempt to follow exactly in the steps of the lamented caricature artist, whose delightful renderings of English country life and English sport are so familiar to all English-speaking folk. No," said he, "don't you do funny things; do the graceful side of life: be the tenor in a

French opéra-bouffe." As an artist Mr. Du Maurier is, or used to be, very enthusiastic about his own special line. He is conscious that upon his shoulders is laid, as it were, the responsibility of handing down to posterity exact and yet graceful representations of English society life, its habits, its customs, its sayings, and, above all, its coats, and hats, and gowns. To be sure, one does not see anywhere such noble men, such lovely women, such charming children as he puts into his Punch pictures. But he defends them all most warmly. "I maintain," he says, "that there is a great improvement in the English race. I know that people complain that my men and women are too tall, but the average of stature has gone up, and people are really two inches taller than they used to be." Mr. Du Maurier declares that he does not make portraits of any one-at least, very rarely. He goes about, uses his eyes, gets types. Sometimes he is a long while "making up" a character. Now and then in his backgrounds he sketches in distant and intimate friends, just to show them that he sometimes thinks of them! How he manages with regard to the fashions, especially those of the fair sex, is a puzzle to a good many people. The mystery was once solved when a certain interviewer asked him the question. "My friend," was the solemn reply, "I have a wife and three daughters." Of all the various types of humanity, he likes best to draw bishops and flunkeys, and his own explanation of that is contained in the one word "calves." Writing himself on the qualifications of the book-illus trator, Mr. Du Maurier says his dukes must not look like butlers-although they sometimes do in real life. His furniture must match his people. His heroine must be agreeable to the eve, so that one can fall in love with her at first sight, and without having to read the book. His maids-parlour, kitchen, lady's, and otherwise-must not be quite so pretty and refined as the heroine, unless the author makes a point of it. One must recognise his lawyer, his doctor, his baker at a glance; and his guardsman must be "every inch a guardsman," in spite of mufti. He must be very careful with his clergyman, especially his bishop, and not to treat them too humorously, even if his author does; such want of reverence on his part will lose his author

-ah, well, he must do the best he can; any stick will do to beat a dog with, and his English reader will probably not know much more about them than he does himself, nor very bitterly resent a caricature, however unfair or untrue to life. And finally, above all, may the trousers of his hero, however impecunious for the moment, never bag at the knees: it will alienate the masculine reader. The artist would do well to employ a model of his own size, and dress him in his own very best, newly ironed. Such are Mr. Du Maurier's canons of art. He says he would like very well to depict the lower walks and phases of London life, for "it is just as easy to draw costers and washerwomen as ladies and gentlemen, and quite as amusing." At the same time, prettiness and elegance, he confesses, are to him virtues in themselves. He loves to surround womankind with chivalrous and stalwart manhood, but he regrets to have to clothe the latter in chimney-pot hats and the

hideous evening-dress of the period.

Mr. Du Maurier used to live in a beautiful house in West Hampstead, but one of the results of the amazing success of "Trilby" is that he has removed to a house in town. He was wont to complain of the exceeding difficulty with which Hampstead could be reached at night, and no doubt he will now be seen more frequently in society. At Hampstead one of his pet views was from his study window across the lawn out beyond to the landscape surrounding Harrow. An American of America to the West visited him one day, and Mr. Du Maurier was showing his guest about the place. "There," he said, coming to his favourite window, "there is the prettiest thing of all. That is Harrow.' The American looked out for a minute or two. The American looked out in the Yes," re"Harrow?" he said enquiringly. "Yes," re"Harrow." "Is that so?" peated the artist, "Harrow." questioned the visitor. "Well, now, do you know, I took it for a lawn-mower." And he wasn't joking either. He had overlooked the landscape entirely, and was looking at an agricultural implement on the lawn, and the artist's heart was broken.

It is especially interesting to note in these columns that Mr. Du Maurier at one time wished to go in for music and singing. says so himself in a recent issue of McLure's Magazine. His father, however, objected. "My father," he continues, "himself possessed the sweetest, most beautiful voice that I have ever heard, and if he had taken up music as a profession would most certainly have been the greatest singer of his time. Indeed, in his youth he had studied music for some time at the Paris Conservatoire; but his family objected to his following the profession, for they were Legitimists and strong Catholics; and you know in what contempt the stage was held at the beginning of this century. It is a pity, for there were millions in his throat. We were all musical in our family. I was at that time crazy about music, and used to practise my voice wherever and whenever I could, even on the top of omnibuses. But my father always discouraged me. I remember one night we were crossing Smithfield Market together, and I was talking to my father about music. that I could become a singer,' I said, 'and if you like I will prove it to you. I have my tuning-fork in my pocket. Shall I show you 'Yes,' said my father, 'I should like my A?' to hear your idea of an A?' So I sang the note. My father laughed. 'Do you call that an A? Let me show you how to sing it.' And then and there there rang out a note of music, low and sweet, at the outset, and swelling as it went, till it seemed to fill all Smithfield with divine melody." Some time later the father many female readers. And as for his foreigners relented, and gave his son a few music lessons.

The young man won him over by showing him a drawing he had produced in which he was represented bowing gracefully in acknowledgement of the applause of an audience whom he had electrified with his musical talents. "Music," adds the artist, "has always been a great delight to me, and until recently I could sing well. But I have spoiled my voice by cigarette smoking." After all this, it is more and more of a mystery why Mr. Du Maurier should have made Trilby vocalize the melody of Chopin's Impromptu in A flat, when several passages in that composition are quite out of the range of any human voice.





Music in the Public Schools.

HIGHGATE.

ERE I not writing a musical article in a musical journal, I might a tale unfold of a most interesting character concerning the history of this school, and the vicissitudes through which it has passed since its foundation three hundred and thirty years ago, by Lord Chief Justice Sir Roger Cholmeley, for the free education of forty boys. It owes its origin, in common with Harrow, Rugby, and many other schools, to that period of educational activity inaugurated originally by the far-seeing Wolsey, extending with such beneficial results over the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. How certain of these foundations, such as Highgate, have been for a period of years diverted from their original purpose, and how others, Harrow and Rugby, for example, have thriven, and flourished, is now a matter of history. The exact causes for the decay of the school and the perversion of the trust are not very clear, but the most probable reason is to be found in the fact that as there was no church nearer than St. Pancras or Hornsey, the inhabitants of Highgate gradually acquired the habit, if not the right, of attending service in the school chapel, which gradually became an object of their interest and beneficence, to the disadvantage of the school. The Cholmeley charity thus became the centre of a psendo-parochial organization. masters of the school by degrees devoted themselves entirely to parochial work and delegated the teaching of the scholars (when there was any) to some necessitous parishioner. state of affairs was only rectified in 1826, when, after a long lawsuit, it was decided that the governors had no right to apply to parochial uses funds originally left for a specific educa-tional purpose, and that the inhabitants of Highgate were not to consider the school chapel as a chapel-of-ease to their parish church. Since that period the school has flourished, and waxed exceeding great. Its rise dates from the appointment of Dr. Dyne in 1838, when the number of boys had dwindled to seventeen. The present substantial buildings were erected in 1866, and the chapel in 1867, and when the doctor retired in 1874 it was with the satisfaction of having raised an obscure school to a position of importance among the grammar schools of England. The school continued to increase under Dr. Dyne's

successful headmaster, the school is rapidly rising both in numbers and prestige.

And now for the musical part of my story. The same remarks which I had occasion to make recently on the subject of musical enterprise in new foundations (for Highgate, though old in actual foundation, is new as regards organization) apply with much the same force to Highgate. Being to a great extent a day school, it is not possible to concentrate and focus musical energy to the same extent as can be done where all boys are under one roof or in adjacent "houses." Variety in musical achievements being, from the nature of the case, out of the question, the school has wisely devoted itself to the one form of music in which it can excel-vocal. Great care and pains appear to be expended on the chapel services, and in such an excellent building for sound as that chapel is, I should say the effect ought to be very striking. At the annual school concerts almost the whole of the items are vocal, and certainly the selections (judging from a batch of old programmes I had the privilege of overlooking) reflect considerable credit on the taste of those responsible for them.

I ought perhaps here to state that a somewhat melancholy interest attaches to my visit to the school, which took place only a short time after the death of Mr. W. G. Wood, the well-known organist, who had held for ten years previously the post of music-master at the school, and to whom is due the raising of the school music to the high place it now holds amongst the institutions and traditions of the A notice of Mr. Wood's lamented death appeared in the November issue of this paper, so I need do no more than say that the indications of his work which I found at Highgate show him to have been a man in a thousand, and one whose place it will be hard to fill. I found a temporary music-master in charge until a permanent successor to Mr. Wood could be appointed; this must be my apology for a certain scantiness of information on the subject of school music.

Musical energy, as I said before, is mainly concentrated on the choir, which is a much more popular institution at Highgate than at many schools. Like Charterhouse and several have before mentioned, choir practices are held during school hours, a highly satisfactory arrangement from the schoolboy point of view. There are two full practices during the week and a short one on Sunday mornings. services are fully choral on Sundays, with an anthem and a set "service" in the evening. The music library contains a very fair selection of some fifty or sixty anthems, but the supply of "services" appears to be scanty (I only counted something like a dozen); still they were all good church music, and sufficient to last a term without repetition. There is daily morning prayer at nine o'clock, at which the Psalms are sung, save on Wednesdays and Fridays, when a hymn precedes the Litany.

The annual school concert is a source of much interest to the boys, and the arrangements for it are entered into by them with much spirit. At Highgate the excellent idea of making boys themselves undertake a share in the management of any school affairs in which they have an interest is carried out to its fullest extent. All the business arrangements of the concert are carried out by a committee of boys, with a master as ex-officio treasurer, and no duties devolve on the music-master, save the selection of the music and the training of the singers.

school continued to increase under Dr. Dyne's successor (Prebendary McDowall), and now, under the Rev. A. E. Allcock, the present school curriculum. All boys below the third

form have an hour per week of their school time devoted to class singing. In this way promising voices are discovered in their early stages, and drafted into the choir. Boys in the upper school have little time to spare for such unconsidered trifles as music and singing, unless they have a distinct bent in that direction. In such a case they are at liberty to gratify their hobby by joining the choir.

As I said before, my readers must pardon me if, from the nature of circumstances, I only gleaned a scanty harvest of musical information on the occasion of my visit. I was much interested in all I saw however. The main building is a substantial piece of Early-English-Corinthian-Tudor-Victorian pile of red brick; the chapel is in the same nondescript style, but both are in good taste, and look imposing from the roadway as one toils painfully up Highgate Hill. I duly visited the tomb of the poet Coleridge, which lies in the cloisters under the chapel, the lodge-keeper evidently mistaking me for "one of them American gents that always comes in the autumn to see Coleridge's grave," for he appeared both willing and anxious to let me know that Muster Coleridge were a poet and took opium. From his tone, I judged that as far as his acquaintance with poets went, he considered opium-eating a natural consequence of the poetic temperament, and that the poet who couldn't take his opium like a man was rather a poor sort of creature—the sort of person who would be likely to act the "dissipated dog" on a glass of milk and a bath

And now, my good reader, congratulate me; for have I not written to you of Highgate, without so much as breathing "Bow Bells," or "Dick Whittington?"





Stanzas for Music.

DAINTY FAIR.

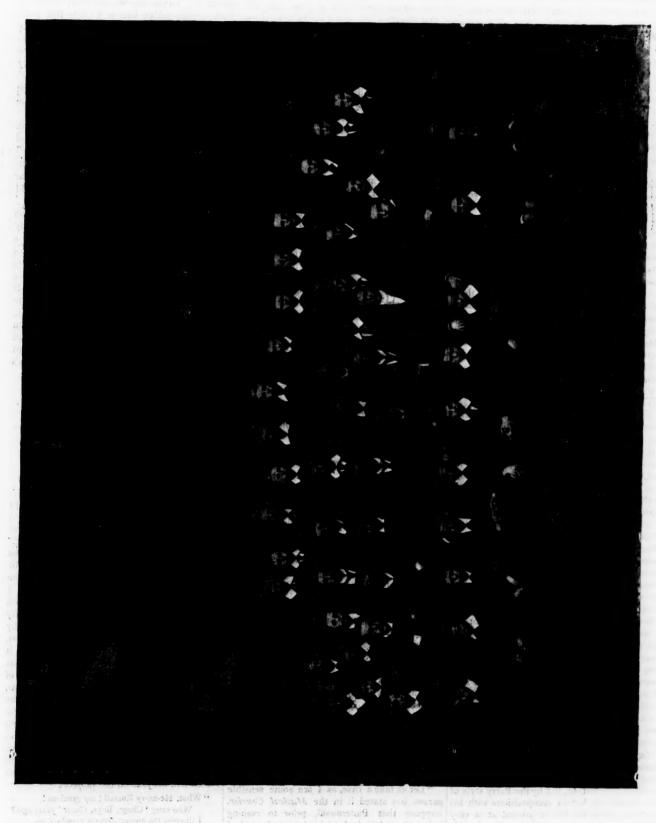
AINTY FAIR beside the river
Listened to the water's tune,
Clad in raiment white and lovely
As the lily buds of June;
All the glory of the sunshine
Rippled through her golden hair,
And the breezes as they kissed her
Whispered songs to Dainty Fair.

Some one walking by the river
Saw the maiden's lovely face,
Wove his love song in her dreaming
Praised her beauty and her grace,
Wooed her from the woods and sunshine
And the flowers that nestled there,
Took from her the simple raiment,
Decked with jewels Dainty Fair.

Now amid the world's gay splendour,
Like a queen she reigns to-day;
All about her, moved with envy,
Homage to her beauty pay.
Far away the river singeth,
And the June buds blossom there,
But the joy hath gone for ever
From the heart of "Dainty Fair."
FLORENCE HOARE.

(Copyright.)





THE HIGHGATE SCHOOL CHOIR.

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That's with Gelebrilies.

I.-WITH LAURENTIUS LONGLOCKS.

AURENTIUS LONGLOCKS was like Yankee Doodle-he came to town. Now when a man like Laurentius Longlocks — Fellow of the Triangle Society, Associate of the School for Scandal, Honorary President of the Hall of Humbug, Principal of the Party of Poseurs-I say, when a man like this comes amongst us, it is my business to learn all about him. Not that I am wildly interested in small beer chronicles: far from it; but my public is, and that makes all the difference. Laurentius had been appointed to the best organistship in town, but, lor' bless you! nobody cared a brass farthing about his musical capabilities when once they had set eyes on the man himself. For Laurentius, you must understand, displays his superiority to his fellow beings in the way that Samson displayed his strength-by hirsute symbolism. And just as the impressionable female gets carried away by the colour of Paderewski's hair, while she forgets all about Paderewski's tone-colour, so did the good people of Poddleton get carried away when Laurentius flaunted his locks in the breeze before them and exploited his eyeglass to their admiring gaze. It is true they were equally carried away by a corn-doctor and a five-legged calf, who both came to town about the same time as Laurentius, but Laurentius wore his pinz-nez and did not see it.

Now I am a press man with a penchant for interviewing - imaginary interviewing mostly and I was implored to interview Laurentius Longlocks in the interests of a breathless community. People, especially ladies, wanted to know all about the real life of this strange being, this original fellow. Has he funds, has he a wife, has his wife presented him with a brood, has he false teeth, does he bathe once a day or once a twelvemonth, was he born with that shock of hair, does he live upon rump steak or upon seltzer and cigarettes?-these and such like were the questions I was asked to resolve.

Well, I have seen Laurentius-called on him at Beethoven Lodge-and this is what I have to report as a preliminary: Laurentius is the possessor of respectable furniture-six chairs, a bureau, a bedstead, two cradles, a secretary with drawers, which hold his shirt-collars, cravats and gloves when he puts them there. He is not merely a man of artistic talent: he has several social accomplishments, for he can swim on his back, he can take to pieces a lock, he can play both the fool and the flute, he can fence, he can write his name, he can hang a picture on the wall, and he can knock in a nail without swearing when he hits his finger by mistake. His wife comes of a long and honourable lineage, having accompanied Richard the Lion (on the piano) to Jerusalem with the Crusades; and his olive branches are such prodigies of genius that every one of them objected in three languages-mostly profane— to the ceremony of baptism. He has amassed a considerable fortune, not by the Parry style of musical creation, but by compositions with his creditors; while his life is insured at a very high figure, with a special fire policy for his

Ah! his hair! Yes; and that brings me to the main subject of my talk with Laurentius. I had always been in a difficulty about the precise connection between long hair and music, between art and eccentricity in dress. Why Well, it mightn't have made any difference to Russell is a veteran of eighty-three, and he

musicians and football-players should rig themselves out like guys was to me a mystery as unfathomable as a Whitechapel sausage. Now I saw my opportunity: I would make an end of the mystery, and hear Laurentius on the question of hair and habiliments.

"Tell me," I began, "why you musical men make a business of trying to convince the world that you are not constituted as other men are, and that therefore you ought not to be expected to look or to act like other men?'

"My dear fellow," said Laurentius, "you are indeed a Poddletonian in whom is no guile. Now let me enlighten you. To begin with, I suppose you would like to know why musicians wear long hair. Well, I'll tell you. Some silly fellows do it, of course, because they see others do it. They could not give you their reason for it to save their lives. But we're not all silly, you bet! We desire to appear different from ordinary men, and we have a deep and cunning reason for making ourselves appear different. Do you suppose that we let our hair flow down the backs of our necks and wear fur-collar coats, flowing neckties, low-cut shirts, and Byron collars-do you suppose we do all this simply because we are so wrapped up in artistic exaltation that we have no time to think of such mundane things as clothes and hairdressers? Not very likely! It's all a part of the game. It's a part of a deliberate plan to make the public believe that artists are altogether different from such common work-a-day people aswell, say newspaper men, who don't wear long hair nor eat cigars in fits of absent-mindedness

"But this sort of thing," I pleaded, "has vanished from all the arts except music. Painters, sculptors, literary people, even poets, look like normal men. Why shouldn't musicians, too?"

"Ay; but painters and poets and literary people and sculptors don't come before the public like the musician-which means that they don't need to study appearances so much. And appearances, as you must know, are of infinite importance in this world Why, I was just reading before you came in of a certain New York actress who often gets into a Broadway car at noon in a costume that no woman of fashion would think of wearing before 7 p.m. Look at her, with her light-grey silk gown her green velvet opera cloak, and her little lace section of a bonnet. And then hear what she says to her friend: 'Such a bore, dear, going to rehearsals at this shamefully early hour! But I am to play a new part and wear all my diamonds, and—,' and so on. This, too, is all a part of the game. If the lady wore a plain tailor-made gown and sat quiet in a corner, nobody would be curious about her. As it is, of course, they get an idea that she is made out of a different sort of clay from other women, that she sleeps on down plucked from the under side of the partridge's wing, that she never eats anything coarser than butterfly's eggs, and that she bathes twice a day in milk and rosewater. The chances are that she lives in a three-room flat in a side street, cooks her own breakfast, and does her own washing, but-appearances save her! And so is it with the mus

I was beginning to see through the thing, but Laurentius went on.

"Let us take a case, as I see some sensible person has stated it in the Musical Courier. Suppose that Paderewski, prior to coming before the public, had cut his hair and combed it as the average man does; had taken plenty of exercise and got a ruddy colour in his face; had worn a standing collar and a four-in-hand scarf, with a little pearl pin stuck in one side of it. What would have been the result? the critics. But the public? - the women? There's the rub, my dear fellow! Would the fair sex have discovered anything remarkable in Paderewski if he hadn't discovered something remarkable in his own exterior? Not a bit of it! They would have decided that, like Siloti and Stavenhagen, he was not interesting; and to be 'not interesting' is fatal to the musician. To the dear women every strand of Paderewski's golden hair is a cable that pulls tons. His low-cut shirt and turn-down collar are full of subtle poetic significance. His flowing white necktie is a potent charm. Even the patent leather pumps with which he vigorously smites the pedals are an attraction.'

"Well, I suppose it comes to this then, that artists are not such eccentric creatures as some

would have us imagine?"

"That's right; they know a thing or two. They are the Samsons of the art world, and would be geese to cut off their locks. Don't you make any mistake. If artists were concerned solely about art they would not wear queer clothes nor long hair, and they would give free concerts."

Laurentius had solved the mystery. If you are a musician, you must live in an air muddy with romanticism - long hair flowing like a cataract over the coat collar, and deep circles under the eyes, and Manfred gloom, and hints of suicide are the proper thing for you. Above all, don't forget the coat with the fur collar. If it does not run to a first-hand garment, no matter-a second-hand one will do just as well. Only see that the sable, or skunk, or bunny skin is the proper breadth. An inch or two beyond the regulation professional dimensions might cause strangers to mistake you for your doctor's coachman. And that would be a mistake!

in ter W

re: to

Henry Russell's Reminiscences.

T takes one back a long time to the days when everybody was singing "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "There's a Good Time Coming," and various other once-popular lyrics of the good old type, whose titles, if quoted, would be something more than familiar to those who have got on the wrong side of sixty. As a matter of fact the world has long insisted on believing that the man who some forty or fifty years ago stirred the hearts of the nation by these breezy songs of his has been "down among the dead men" for many years, and it has even come to pass that Henry Russell has more than once had the doubtful pleasure of reading his own obituary! In the Jubilee year, when he published a song in honour of the Queen, the music-seller who brought out the song had scores of letters sent to him telling him that he was a cheat and an impostor. Henry Russell, said the writers of these letters, had been dead for a very long time; the idea of his writing a song was ridiculous. Even Punch had his joke on the subject:

"What, He-ne-ry Russell! my gracious! Who sang 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer' years ago? I thought the announcement mendacious, But he is immortal-just so.'

We don't know about his being immortal, but he is certainly very much alive, as his interesting volume of reminiscences, just published by Mr. John Macqueen, abundantly shows. Mr. declares that he is honestly proud of his veteranship. Undeterred by the pessimistic proclivities of the age that closes his long career, he does not come before us cringing, hat in hand, like the old man in the "Beggar's Perition":

Russell had lessons from Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini—surely a merry and melodious trio enough for setting the future song-writer on his way. Presently he was playing piccolo in the orchestra at the Milan Opera, and then, meeting with Balfe, the pair went on the boards

" Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,

Whose days have dwindled to the briefest span;
Oh, give relief, and Heaven will bless your

Not a bit of it! He publicly thanks God that he can still walk with head erect, and can address the best friends of his life, "my dear British public," with memory unimpaired, and with the good hope of living to see his hundred out. In great quietude and happiness, he says, "I am now living out the Indian summer of my life—it is far too genial and cheery to be called winter—in my cosy residence in the west of London." There is a happy-going philosopher for you! Supposing, then, we take a seat around his "mahogany tree," and listen to the garrulous gentleman while he entertains us with his fund of anecdote and good humour.

It will be best to begin at the beginning by saying that Henry Russell was born at Sheerness in 1812. The fact, he jocularly remarks, is not a reminiscence at all: he depends for it upon his mother's memory and home records. Russell showed musical talent from boyhood, and, before his voice broke, he was singing contralto in children's opera with Elliston, the impresario of Drury Lane. While still a boy Elliston took him down to Brighton to sing before George IV. : and the veteran now tells with some pride that he is one of the few people still living who can boast of having been kissed by the king. Russell's father placed his son at first in a chemist's store, but Braham, the great tenor, was to blame for that error. The parent went specially to Braham to get his opinion of the lad's talents, and, after hearing him sing, this was what the tenor said: "Although your son possesses a remarkably fine voice, you had better put him on the high road to break stones rather than bring him up to the musical profession." So young Russell had his cry on the way home, and then went to drudge with a London druggist. Many years afterwards he had his revenge on the tener. It was in Boston, "the hub of the universe," and Braham and Russell were both giving concerts there. Bra-ham failed miserably, for he was then well up in years, while Russell drew crowded houses every night. Now it struck Braham that it would not be a bad idea to engage Russell to sing for him. He therefore called on Russell, quite unaware of the circumstance that they had met before, and asked his terms for two songs. "My terms to you," said Russell, "will be five hundred dollars per song." Braham started, as well he might. Then he rose, looking much flustered and very indignant. "Your terms, Mr. Russell, are simply preposterous. Why ask me—a well-known professional man -such an exorbitant fee?" Revenge is sweet : Braham was not long before he knew the reason for the high figure, and there is no need to say that Russell never got his thousand

But we are anticipating. Russell got into the musical profession in spite of Braham's cold-water douche. He had lessons from M. P. King, the glee-writer, and became a fairly good pianist. A lady, at whose house he was teaching, offered him £5 a month to go and complete his studies in Italy. The sum seems small, but in the thirties it was enough, for then you could get a good breakfast in the land of macaroni for less than a penny. In Italy

and Bellini-surely a merry and melodious trio enough for setting the future song-writer on his way. Presently he was playing piccolo in the orchestra at the Milan Opera, and then, meeting with Balfe, the pair went on the boards together as operatic vocalists, Balfe getting eighteen scudi a week and Russell fourteen. By-and-by Russell found himself once more in London, where he got an engagement as chorus-master at His Majesty's Theatre. He did not remain long in that appointment, for the pay was small, and having, at the age of twenty, married a wife, he felt that he must be up and doing. His idea of enterprise was to try his luck in the States, and accordingly he set off for the New World in a vessel which gave him six weeks of "A Life on the Ocean Wave." He had no definite notion of what he was to do in the States when he got there, and the consequence was that he wandered about a good deal both before and after temporarily settling down as an organist at Rochester, N.Y. Mr. Russell gives one a horrible idea of the mode of travelling in America in those days. It was all done by coach or wagon, and the roads were-well, as somebody said of General Wade's roads, if you had seen them before they were made you would certainly have blessed General Wade. They called them "corduroy roads" in the States, and the name seems to have been appropriate enough. Trees were felled, stripped of their branches, and laid side by side on the ground : the crevices were filled in with loose stones, mud, or any rubbish that came to hand, and, behold! the road was made. The natural results of such crude way-making were danger and discomfort. Mr. Russell tells a Yankee yarn about a party of travellers coming upon a man's hat on the road level, and upon lifting it finding that not only the man but his horse were beneath. You must allow something for exaggeration there, but the yarn is evidently meant to give us an idea of "corduroy road" dangers in those primitive

As an organist at Rochester Mr. Russell got on splendidly. He even triumphed over the musical deacon of the church, and the manner of his triumph was this: One fine Sunday morning he played the "Hallelujah Chorus, which the Rochester people of that time knew no more than they knew Dr. Parry's Saul. When he had finished, the deacon interviewed him. "I guess," said he, "you'd better not play that again; it is too theatrical." Russell might, like an old-school critic, have given the deacon a host of facts about the "great master," and left him unconvinced. But he didn't. "You astonish me," he said. "Why, it is one of the finest choruses ever composed. The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston are always presenting it as one of their stock pieces." Ah! that altered the thing "The Handel and Haydn Society, did yo say?" Yes, Mr. Russell did say so. "Waal, I've heard of the house before, and I believe them to be a most respectable firm; so I calculate you may play it when you like." What Russell did after this on the strength of that "most respectable firm" of Boston one dares not guess. But he gives us some idea himself. A man who confesses to eight hundred songs may fairly be suspected of having got some unusual aid to inspiration, and Russell lets us into the little secret. Better allow him to speak for himself. "One hot summer afternoon," he says, "when I was playing the organ at the Presbyterian Church, Rochester, I made a discovery. It was that sacred music played

Hundredth' very fast, I produced the air of 'Get out o' de way; Ole Dan Tucker.' This was the first of a good many minstrel songs that I composed, or rather adapted, from hymn tunes played quickly. Among them are 'Lucy Long,' 'Ober de Mountain,' and 'Buffalo Girls.' . . . Afterwards, when giving my entertainments about the country, I would' occasionally illustrate this principle to my audiences by playing slowly and pathetically the 'Vesper Hymn,' and then repeat it, gradually quickening the time till it became a humorous plantation song." After all, then, the deacon did well to keep an eye on the young organist. The idea is not bad; who knows what may come of it!

Russell did not remain long at Rochester; organists do not make fortunes, and he wanted to get something into the bank. Now he had a good baritone voice, and he had done a little at song competition, so the idea struck him that he might start as a public entertainer and sing his own songs. He did start, and had an immense success from the first. Some of his experiences were funny enough. At a little village near Detroit he found he could not get a piano. At the last moment he fell upon an antiquated instrument of the old square pattern, and then got hold of some niggers to carry the thing to the hall. The darkies had never set eyes on such a piece of furniture before, and Russell presently learned from their sotto voce re marks that they imagined the box contained a corpse! However, they shouldered it, and all went well until one of the niggers made a false step, which caused one of the piano wires to snap. The piano was in the roadway in one instant, and the darkies were out of sight in another. "I tole you so; de corpse is inside," said a stalwart nigger. "Run, boys, run for de life of ye-he's inside, he's a-comin'." After this it need hardly be said that Mr. Russell has no very high opinion of the negro, whose skull, he declares, is really thicker than the white man's. He says that he himself saw a nigger fall on his head from some height on to the street pavement. "Are you hurt?" was the natural inquiry. " No, it didn't 'urt me, but I tink it broke dat bit o' de side walk. Guess I shall be fined." Good! but guess it's a "chestnut," Mr. Russell. Our author used to be fond of dropping into the native meeting-house now and again, and certainly he seems to have been well rewarded. One coloured preacher took up the question of whether black people as well as white people would be in heaven, and decided in favour of both getting there from the circumstance that black-sheep mutton is eaten as well as white! Another parson intimated one evening to his people: "Bredrin, dis meetin' is dissolved till to-morrow night, if God willin' and de wedder permits; but it'll take place wedder or no' nex' night." Truly, as the poet says, to laugh on such occasions were want of grace, and yet to be serious must exceed all power of face.

In three seasons Russell made £10,000 out of his concerts, of which he had saved £6,000. But it was not long before a great calamity struck him. By the failure of a New York bank he lost all his savings, and had to face the world penniless. One day shortly after the catastrophe he was wandering aimlessly along Broadway, when he heard an organ-grinder playing one of his own songs, "The Ivy Green." Russel went up to the man, and learning that he had got his organ from Birmingham, he knew that his song must have crossed the Atlantic and become popular in his own country. Why should he not try a tour there? In a week he was on board ship, and six months later was giving crowded entertainments all over England. This was in 1840. The younger genera-

tion can have no idea of the furore he created. On his own showing he must have been a singer of the realistic type. He tells how after singing "The Newfoundland Dog," which describes how an animal attempted to rescue a child from drowning, a man came to him and asked, "Was the child saved, sir?" He was answered in the affirmative. "Then could you get me a pup?" inquired the fellow, with the air of one who is asking a great favour.

Much the same thing happened on one occasion when, after singing "Woodman, spare that tree," a man rose and asked excitedly if the tree had been saved. At Hanley Russell once gave an entertainment on behalf of the potters, who were then in great straits. He sang, "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys," and at the close of the song one of the potters rose and asked, "Mr. Russell, can't ye fix the toime?" Before the singer could answer, another artisan shouted, "Shut oop; Mr. Russell 'll write to ye." Another song, "The Gambler," tells in a dramatic way of how a young wife died with a child in her arms at four in the morning, after waiting up till then for her husband's return. This was too much for one woman in the audience, who shrieked out, "Wouldn't I just have brought him home, Mr. Russell!" gambler's wife was evidently not a home ruler.

Mr. Russell, as we have already indicated, pleads guilty to having composed about eight hundred songs. He didn't make a fortune out of the copyrights, and as for a royalty, such a thing was unknown in his day. He sold "The Ivy Green," for 10s.; "There's a Good Time Coming," for £2 6s.; "Man the Lifeboat!" for 12s. 6d.; "Woodman, Spare that Tree," for 8s. 6d.; "The Maniac," for £1, and so on. "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," he parted with for £1. It was a tremendous success. Russell went down to the publisher's shop one evening to enquire how it was doing. "Splendidly," was the reply. "We have thirty-nine printing presses at work on it day and night to meet the demand." This was encouraging, and Russell naturally looked for some suitable reward. He got £10 and a silver salver, and the publisher pocketed the four figures. No wonder Byron declared that Barabbas must have been a publisher! Of course Russell made a handsome fortune out of the singing of his songs, but he seems to have been poor enough at one time. He does not give the date, but he tells how he and Dr. Charles Mackay, the writer of the words of several of his songs, had one morning to compose a song-Mackay the words and Russell the music-and find a purchaser for it before they could pay for their breakfast. One would like to have the name of that song; it is probably a good one, for, as Lowell says, an empty pocket is an excellent source of inspiration. Russell's songs have always been popular in the army and navy. "Cheer, Boys, Cheer, was sung by the Guards as they started for the Crimea, and it is the only air played by the regimental drum and fife bands when a regiment goes abroad. In 1889 the Royal Marines, by order of the Admiralty, adopted as their own special march, to be played in all parts of the world, "A Life on the Ocean Wave."



The First Violinist.

N astonishing face. Astonishing, that is, to an Englishman. A face suggestive of the frozen snows and gloomy forests of Germany, combined with the fiercest and most uncontrollable passions of the warmest Italian blood. In truth, as with many a man of uncommon temperament, there was the blood of two lands in his veins. Carlo Fabria's father was an Italian, and his mother a German. His face, that of a youth of twenty or thereabouts, was one in which the spirit of music lurked, the feeling for divine harmonies, and a sense of the beautiful, true and good stamped there by God's own hand. Hair of blackest night, long and untidy, looking in the true artist's style, falling over a face more remarkable, perhaps, than strictly speaking beautiful, but all the more interesting on that same account. A face glorified, however, by the eyes-those true windows of the soul-eyes capable of lighting the whole countenance, as lightning pierces the cloud and lights momentarily the horizon. Evidently the face of a man whose spirit would endure great sufferings in silence, and then break, but never bend.

The room, a small one, a typical Italian apartment, clean and scrupulously tidy, but poor; the windows broken in places, but always neatly patched with paper. The failing and trembling light of one of Italy's glorious sunsets struggled through the patched window-panes, casting curious shadows on the young musician. A violinist evidently, for his instrument, upon whose strings the trembling light flickered, appearing to persuade one that they were still vibrating from the warm hand of the young Italian, was by his side upon the mean couch.

A deeper mood than usual seemed to have taken possession of the Italian's soul, for it was not until a more than usually vivid ray of light fell directly upon his eyes that he seemed to arouse himself to his surroundings. In truth a great event had that very hour happened in his hitherto somewhat monotonous life.

Through the influence of a rich English Signore, who had interested himself on his behalf, he had just been offered an engagement amongst the first violins of a famous orchestra in a neighbouring city, the first step to that fame that, with a wonderful steadfastness of purpose, he had worked so hard for and dreamed so long of. He had but one regrethis betrothed. Must he then leave her? He was but approaching twenty, and she a year younger, and how one loves at that age! However, in two years at the most he would be able to claim her, and then ! Still musing, he did not notice a hasty step on the stairs. next minute, however, a young man had burst boisterously into the room. It was his friend Frank Stanley, son of the same Englishman who had just helped him to gain his first footing on the ladder of life. The young Italian smilingly greeted his unceremonious friend with outstretched hands. Oh! how could he ever thank his dear friends for their goodness?

"So!" remarked his companion, "you have succeeded. I thought you would."

"Yes," replied the Italian, "thanks to your father's powerful influence."

"Well," said the Englishman in his brusque way, "you don't appear to be altogether happy, old fellow. What is it? Violetta?" (quizzically). "Why, you will be back in no time and marry

Ah could he but think so! but he feared

to leave her, partings were so hard, and he dreaded the future for her.

"Nonsense!" returned his friend cheerfully; "mere fancy!" You are a true Italian, and as such superstitious, Carlo. Remember, 'faint heart ne'er won a fair lady.'"

When I first met Carlo Fabria some years since, he was then occupying the post of first violin in the famous La Scala Theatre in Milan. His altogether exceptional talents and unwearied hard work had brought him rapidly to the front, and he was fast earning a prominent position amongst the artists of that city. He appeared consumed, however, by an invincible melancholy; nothing seemed to interest him but his music; and although he received great attention from the softer sex, he appeared to care little or nothing for them. He interested me greatly, and before long I had become sufficiently intimate with him to learn his history.

He had been betrothed to a young girl in his native town, but through the kindness of an Englishman-" which he could never forget "he had had the post of violinist offered him in a town apart from his native place. The letters from his betrothed had become gradually more and more reserved; and although he had written and begged to know the reason for the change, she had said it was only fancy on his part. Not daring to throw up his position in the orchestra, which was becoming a really excellent one, he had tried to persuade himself that he was really mistaken, and that it was his morbid fancy that made him suspicious. At last, however, without any further warning, the blow fell, and he learnt that she had secretly left her home, though with whom his most strenuous efforts could never ascertain.

From that hour he had become an entirely different being, gloomy and unsociable to a degree. He interested me, however, in spite his incurable melancholy, besides which his playing was so full of passion and genius that it would have made ample amends for an even more reserved companion than he proved to be when I had at length won his entire confidence. I think I gained his confidence all the more rapidly on account of my nationality—English—which, with his somewhat fantastical sense of gratitude to his early benefactor, always made him less reserved with an Englishman than with one even of his own nationality. Be that as it may, I became very intimate with Carlo Fabria, and being a constant frequenter at the opera in those days, we usually accompanied one another to and from the opera house. Even before becoming acquainted with him I had often noticed his enquiring glance painfully turned towards any chance strangers in the opera house. Never shall I forget that fatal night! The whole beauty and wealth of Milan seemed to have turned out to fill the house. The work to be given was a revival of an early opera of the Maestro Verdi, and all seemed to be prepared to vie with one another in their enthusiasm for the great and aged composer. My friend Carlo stood in his accustomed place at the head of the first violins, and everything appeared ready to commence, when it seemed to me that a curiously long pause was taking place, and looking towards the orchestra I saw the first violin gazing at one of the boxes reserved for strangers, while the conductor in vain tried to gain his attention. All eyes appeared to follow the first violinist's gaze, which was resting on one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. At that moment her eyes for the first time rested on the young violinist. To my watching gaze she appeared to give a suppressed scream, which immediately drew her companion, a gentleman

I had not hitherto noticed, to the front of the box in the full blaze of the thousands of lights. A piercing scream came from the orchestra. poor Fabria staggered a couple of steps forward, and with, "Is it thou? My God! Is it thou?" fell heavily on his face. We picked him up, but one look was sufficient. He was dead. We turned our attention towards the lady and her companion, but they had in the mean time left their box-

I afterwards learnt that the gentleman's name was Frank Stanley. Casually some months later I heard of his death in one of those small local railway accidents that occur so frequently in Italy.

And the girl? you ask.

How should I know? Doubtless she found another protector soon enough.



Hair and Art!

HE Daily Telegraph has recently given special attention in a leading article to the influence of music -- more especially the pianoforte-playing branch of the divine art—as a stimulant (!) to a luxurious growth of hair, and even goes to the ludicrous length of suggesting that it may be eventually used as an effective hair-renewer for even the bald-pated ones. Though amusing in a certain sense, the whole article is superficial and trivial, and even suggests the hand of our premier libretto writer. Perhaps even he has wearied as have his readers - of his insufferable "printer's boy," and is now going to inflict the artist's hair" upon us for a change.

Putting that matter aside, it seems to me that the article is written from an entirely false point of view. Pianoforte or other instru-mental playing does not, of course, induce any extra luxuriance to a player's locks, how-ever amusing such an idea may be. The artist, be he musician or painter, makes his impression upon his contemporaries by his own strong personality and power of individual thought,-such power as distinguished from that of the ordinary mind, which, if it possesses it, allows it to remain dormant, and thinks for the most part by a kind of routine, -causes the artist to reject the barbarous and ugly custom of cropping the hair in a manner sadly suggestive of a criminal, with whom, of course, it is made a necessity on the score of cleanliness. But for the artist whose vocation, generally speaking, is cleaner than that of the average business man, such a consideration applies in only a very slight degree. Now it appears to me that the true solution of the long hair question is to be found in the remark of a prominent physician, that "a man with a great head of hair is generally an enthusiast." Nowadays any musician-instrumentalist more especially -to make his way in the most difficult of all professions, must have an immense reserve of enthusiasm in his nature to carry him through successfully. Hence the reason of the plentiful locks of our greatest musicians, both composers and executants, is self-evident; so also with the greatest names in art both past and present. With regard to the last, does it not appear strange that, with a sense of the beautiful and picturesque in nature trained as near as possible to perfection during their whole lifetime,

they so rarely attempt to apply that sense of the picturesque to their own persons?

That there is a great deal of vulgar affectation on the subject amongst that class of musicians whom Carlyle's definition of musicians, "a windbaggy sort of people, who think more of their bair than of the inside of their heads," so aptly applies I am quite aware; but it also seems that there is a spice of degradation in the fact that it is in any way necessary to defend a practice from unthinking persons who vulgarly confound the unusual with the ludicrous, and seem unable in their observations to distinguish mere coarse rudeness from Though they may and do utter their expressions and opinions through the medium of print, they are really, when doing so, on a level with the street cad who coarsely shouts, "Get yer 'air cut," so as to appear smart before his vulgar associates.

Certain it is that history can show us so few great poets, painters, musicians, or enthusiasts in any branch, with closely cropped heads, that they serve only as exceptions to make the rule more absolute.





The Rabe in the @Wood, 1895.

A CHILDREN'S FARCE.

Dramatis Persona.

JIM, the Gipsy King. PERDITA, the lost babe. PERDITA's mother. Young Jim. POLICEMAN. Chorus of gipsy lads and lass

[Scene: The edge of a wood near the town of Pettigrue. Gipsies' tent in the background.]

Chorus of gipsy lads and lasses singing and dancing hand in hand.

We kick up our heels in the month of May, And chant the liveliest roundelay; You never did hear such a merry play Out in the woods of a morning. Gipsy lads and lasses, we Have no end of jollity, Oh right merrily, merrily, Out in the woods of a morning.

We sing as we dance in our happy glee Of jollier things than ever could be, Jollier things than you'd hope to see Out in the woods of a morning. Would you like to know our play? You may play it. Yes, you may ! Oh, nobody will say you nay Out in the woods of a morning.

Unhindered by fashion our frisky fling, Taught only by jollity will we sing; Blithely we'll dance in a skittish ring, Out in the woods of a morning. Gipsy lads and lasses, we Have no end of jollity, Oh right merrily, merrily, Out in the woods of a morning

[Enter PERDITA.]

PERDITA [sings]. I'm a lost baby Stole long ago; I'm a lost baby Found in the snow. Gipsies have reared me Years upon years; Gipsies have reared me, Brought up on tears.

Twas all done for love, So they would say, 'Cos l'se a wee dove Wandered astray.

I don't believe 'em, Oh not a jot, But I'll deceive 'em, Though but a dot.

[JIM, the gipsy king, comes out from the tent with a big whip in his hand.]

JIM.

Does anybody want to know Who it is that runs this show? I'm the lad to let him know [cracks his Who's the gipsy king. whip savagely.]

[Addresses gipsy lads and lasses and PERDITA, ho all shrink back.

> Who'd like to feel my whip? I guess you'd rather skip If I gave a little snip; [cracks whip at Oh, 'twould make you sing. their legs.]

[JIM retires to tent.]

[Enter Young Jim, exact copy in miniature of his father, also armed with whip.]

> I know a thing or two. You may bet; But my daddy's beat me blue, Black as jet.

I guess I'll pay him out, Just wait a while ; I'll make him look about, Won't he smile!

Last night I heard him say Eight years ago How'a little baby lay In the snow.

He said 'twas true, you know, You may bet : He stole the babe, you know, I'll have him yet.

He said 'twas in the town Of Pettigrue, But I guess I'll do him brown, As he did me blue.

[Re-enter JIM from behind, and catches him.]

JIM.

Oh you ragamuffin, Good-for-nothin' Vagabond! I've half a mind to duck you,

To thrash you, or to chuck you In the pond. [To gipsy lads and lasses.]

Oh, you lazy lubbers, While he blubbers,

[To Young Jim.]

Oh, you tramp! You won't do a stitch of work.

[To gipsies.] You would help this little shirk. [To Young Jim.] .

Oh, you scamp!

[To all.]

Does anybody want to know Who it is that runs this show? I'm the lad to let him know [cracks whip] Who's the gipsy king. Who'd like to feel my whip? I guess you'd rather skip

If I gave a little snip [cracks whip]; Oh, 'twould make you sing.

You idle, idle crew,
The town of Pettigrue
Is close at hand;
Our show we must exhibit,
The horrors and the gibbet,
The robber band,

The curly, spotted snake,
That's bound to make 'em quake,
O-hi-o! [cracks whip.]

O-hi-o!
To give a show of reason
I'll speak a word in season.

I'll speak a word in season, O-hi-o!

[cracks whip.]
[Exit CHORUS in fright.]

[To PERDITA.]

You naughty little thing,
To night you've got to sing
In Pettigrue;
Too long P've let you be,
To-night we're going to see
What you can do.

So go and learn a song, 'Twon't take so very long, An hour or two.

[PERDITA weeps.]
Of this you may be sure,
Red cyes I won't endure,
'Twill never do.

[Exit JIM.]

[YOUNG JIM comforts PERDITA.]
A horrid old curmudgeon is my dad;
This day he's been and licked me awful bad,
A mass of bruises I from head to toe:
But me of course he has a right to beat,
To batter with a cudgel or his heavy feet,
To jump upon me, do like this, or so.

[Pantomimic gestures.]

But then I swear he has not any right To worry my Pérdita or to fright Her into weeping. Shall I tell you now I've hit upon a plan? There'll be a row; You know it is all gammon what he says.

PERDITA.

He says he found me in the snow just here, Has brought me up and reared me, had to bear The expenses of my education. You say you've formed a plan; the plan I long to hear.

Young Jim.

Now there's only one man in the world With the power and the wisdom combined To put right in a trice And bring it out nice, A muddle I mean, and the man, you will find, Is a peeler, a Johnny boy blue.

[Whistles.]

[Enter Policeman with a truncheon.]
Policeman [to Perdita and Young Jim].

I think I heard you say
Just by the way
You'd like to see me,
And so I've come along
And brought my truncheon strong;
So please command me.

PERDITA [to POLICEMAN].
I'm a lost baby
Stole long ago;
I'm a lost baby
Found in the snow.

POLICEMAN [interrupting her].
And so, my pretty maid,
A little plan you've laid
To find your mother;
I'll just think a minute,
Perhaps there's summat in it

[POLICEMAN sits down and thinks, while PERDITA and YOUNG JIM dance round him.]

To cause a bother.

POLICEMAN [suddenly springing up].

Now at last I know you,
In a trice I'll show you
Who your mother is;
Eight years past, I remember,
In the middle of December,
Your mother lost you.

Just you wait a minute;
P'raps there's summat in it;
I'll go and fetch her:
Don't you go and worry,
I'll come back in a hurry,
If I only ketch her.

[Re-enter CHORUS.]

CHORUS [sings].

One fear alone in the world have we got As we sit round our fire, and frizzles the pot With pheasants and rabbits and chickens, all hot:

'Tis the fear of the Johnny boy blue.

He sits like a ghost at our toothsomest feast; He haunts us each one from the first to the least; He's a creature uncivil, a villain, a beast,

Is the peeler, the Johnny boy blue.

We pick up a bone chance gives us indeed,
A pigeon it may be, a partridge at need;

A pigeon it may be, a partridge at need;
'Tis always the same, our steps we must heed,
For the fear of the Johnny boy blue.

It matters not where, John o' Groats or Land's End,

Sheffield, London, or Birmingham, even Sandsend,

Our dogs and our nets we're bound to defend From the eyes of the Johnny boy blue.

YOUNG JIM and PERDITA [to gipsy lads and lasses].

You'd better run away and hide; Look sharp! or else you'll be espied, For Robert's on the march.

CHORUS [running about the stage in confusion, hiding behind the tent, and then gradually taking courage and grouping themselves round at the back].

Oh! tell us, quick, it is not true.
Alas! alack! What shall we do,
If Robert's on the march?

YOUNG JIM and PERDITA [to last stragglers among gipsies].

He's coming, coming; run away; He'll catch you surely, if you stay: Robert is all but here.

[Enter Policeman with Perdita's mother, who is agitated, while Perdita is calm and critical.]

POLICEMAN [to PERDITA].

Little girl, I've brought you
What your instinct's taught you
You have lost;
Let your mother bless you,
Kiss you and caress you,

Take you up and nurse you, Foster and disburse you All you'll cost.

PERDITA'S MOTHER [running eagerly towards PERDITA, who steps back]. My child, my child, I greet you.

PERDITA.

Madam, I do entreat you.

PERDITA'S MOTHER [grieved].

My child, to this reduced!

PERDITA [reasoningly].
We are not introduced.

YOUNG JIM [coming forward].

Allow me: Perdita—Perdita's mother; Perdita's mother—Perdita.

[To CHORUS.]
Three cheers, lads! Hip! hip! hurrah!
[CHORUS cheers.]

[Enter Jim, the gipsy king, from tent, flourishing his whip in great rage. Does not perceive policeman until too late.] What's all this noise and fuss about?

What's all this noise and fuss about?

Such a riot, rant, and shout

Might call a peeler, wake the dead.

Can't you hear me [threatening CHORUS],

what I've said?

Won't you ever learn to know Who it is that runs this show?

[Cracking whip.]

POLICEMAN [advancing with truncheon and handcuffs].

Jim the elder, you I charge,—
You've been, I guess, too long at large—
With having, some eight years ago,
Stolen Perdita.

[Handcuffs him.]
Your hands! just so.
To gaol with me you've got to go.

YOUNG JIM [to PERDITA].

If some proof you do not gather,
To gaol you shall not send my father.

PERDITA [addressing her mother, who has been vainly trying to embrace her].

I really can hardly believe—
But you wouldn't, I hope, deceive
A poor babe lost in the wood;
Yet some proof you really must give,
If in future with you I'm to live.
Some such proof I should like; yes, I should.

If 'twere only a mark in the foot.

Or the arm, or the shape of my boot.

POLICEMAN.
Your plea, I own, is reasonable,
Though some would say not seasonable.

JIM.

If some such proof she does not bring,
I'll do my best to make her swing
For slander.

PERDITA'S MOTHER.

The child I lost had no tilted nose,
No blemish had she from her head to her toes,
No twisted lip, no cast in her eye,
No crooked limb, nor aught awry;
The child I lost was dainty and sweet,
With the tiniest hands and the tiniest feet.

PERDITA [falls into her mother's arms].

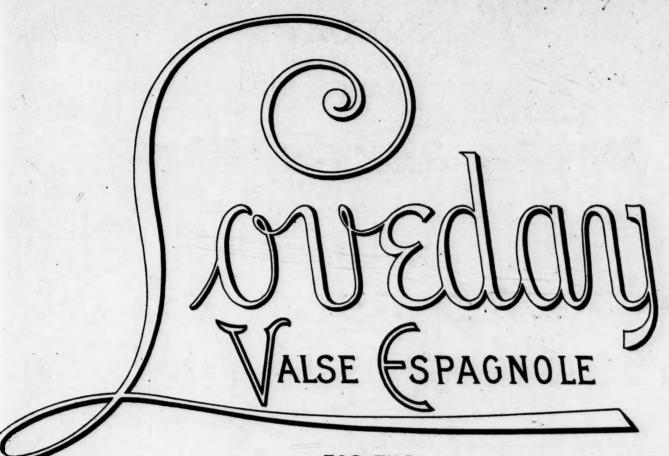
My long-lost mother!

[Curtain.]

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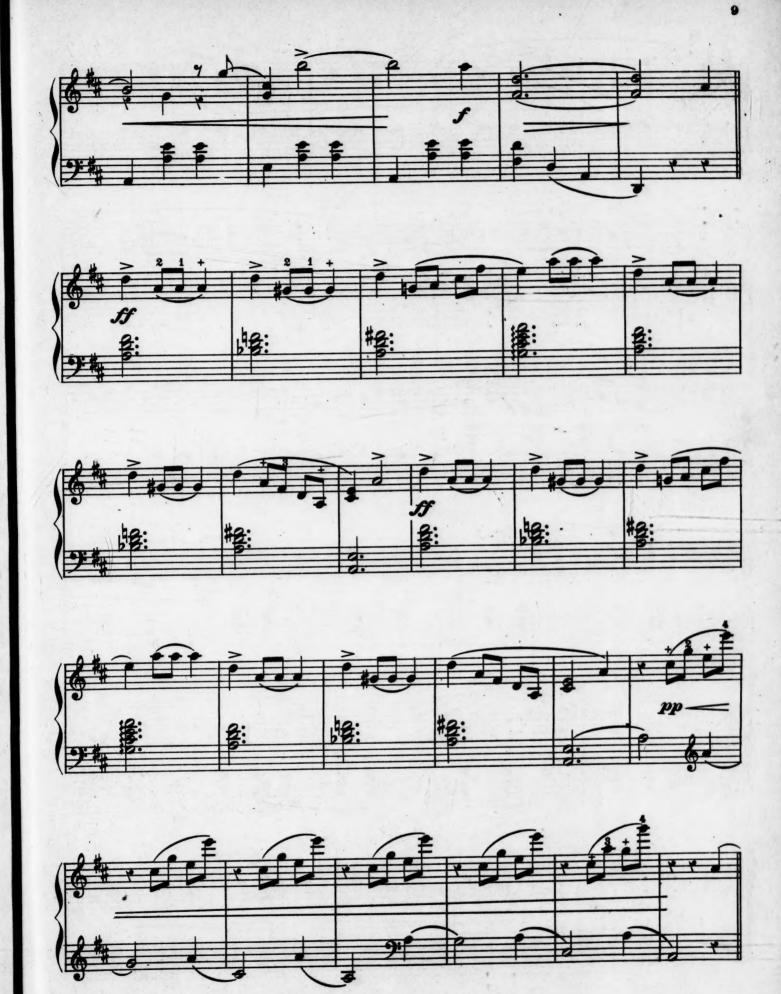




















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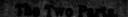






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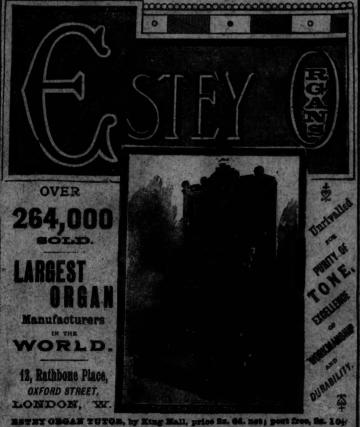
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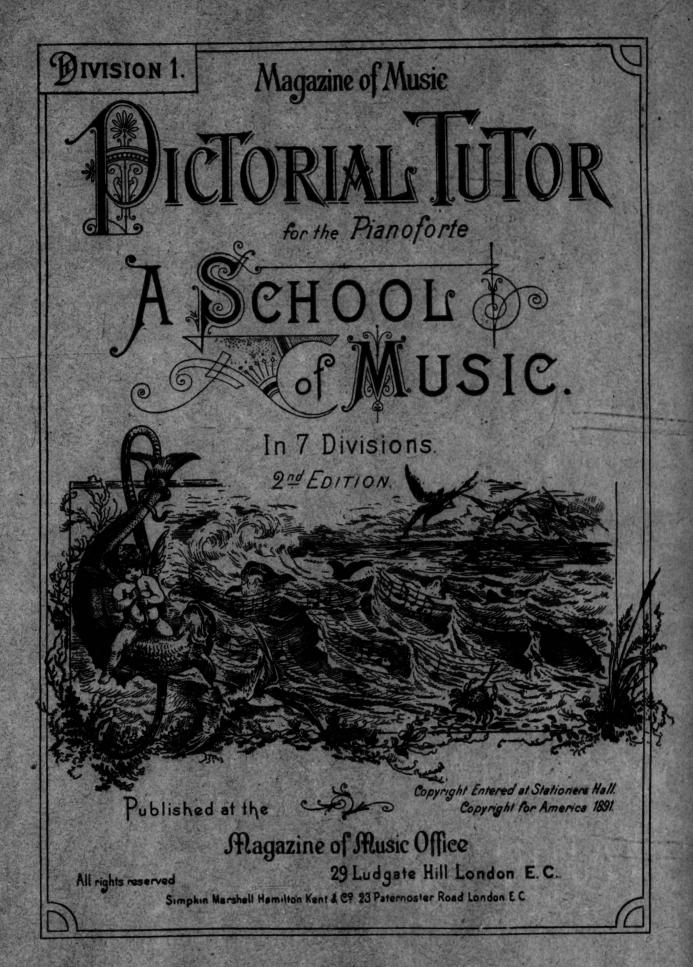
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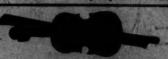
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